

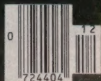
MARCH 19, 1979

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TIME

Carter's Bold Mission

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In Detroit



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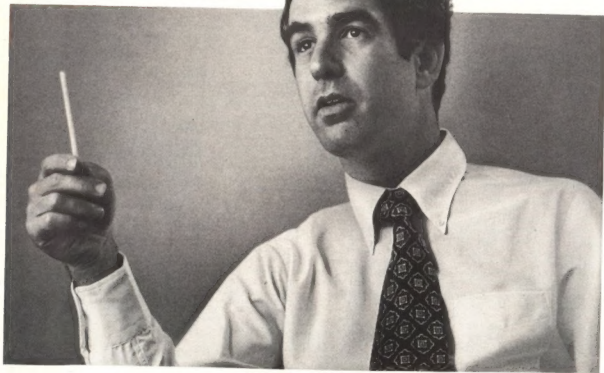
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A Letter from the Publisher

As TIME's State Department correspondent for the past three years, Christopher Ogden became accustomed to constant foreign travel at the drop of an olive branch. In the past two years alone, Ogden logged 200,000 miles with Cyrus Vance, including six trips to the Middle East. So it was with unpacked bags and undisguised relief that he began his new assignment last week as TIME White House correspondent. His first scheduled trip late this month with the President: to Elk City, Okla., a place that Carter promised to revisit if he were elected. Only hours later, however, the President announced his peace mission to Egypt and Israel, and off went Ogden to the Middle East once again. Ogden welcomed the Carter journey as easier to cover than the Camp David summit meeting last September. "At least now," he reported from Cairo, "the principals and their aides are not locked up in seclusion behind electrified barbed wire in the Catoctin Mountains."

Correspondents usually stationed in the Middle East also found their travel plans disrupted. Cairo Bureau Chief Dean

Brelis, on a two-week assignment in Saudi Arabia, left after five days to return to Egypt. Jerusalem Bureau Chief Dean Fischer, who only a week earlier had flown from Israel to Washington with Premier Begin on his sudden trip, quickly hopped a plane back to Jerusalem in order to cover Begin's return. Fischer thus lost a traveling companion, Photographer David



Ogden and traveling companions on train to Alexandria

Rubinger. Besides shooting the trip for TIME, Rubinger, an Israeli citizen, had been chosen by Begin to be his official photographer during the U.S. visit, so it behooved him to remain with the Premier.

Correspondent David Halevy, an eleven-year veteran of TIME's Jerusalem bureau, was also in Washington, and he too flew back to his old beat. Since the visit of President Sadat to Jerusalem 16 months ago, the native Israeli has reported on negotiations not only in his country, but in Cairo and Ismailia as well. Says Halevy: "If this trip leads to the signing of a peace treaty, it will probably guarantee the future of my generation and that of my children's generation. We have become so used to wars that peace is something we have only dreamed about."

John A. Meyers

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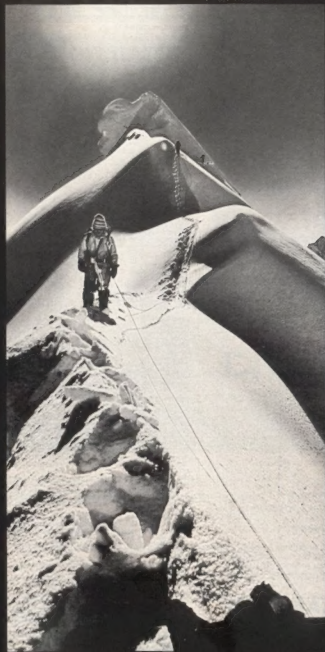
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Nikon cameras make history on the second tallest mountain in the world



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When you're out to make history, you don't take chances on your camera. You go with Nikon.

On September 6, 1978, two Americans stood at the summit of the second highest mountain on earth and took pictures with their Nikon cameras. Together with their fellow members of the 1978 American K2 Expedition they had conquered the 28,250-foot peak, following a route so dangerous it had repelled all previous attempts.

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The cameras that went to the Roof of the World can help you make the most of your adventures, too. Their reliable electronic exposure metering (simple one-step control in the Nikon FM; automatic in the FE)—their compact, lightweight convenience and wide-ranging Nikon system versatility can be yours for a lot less than you'd expect to pay for Nikon quality. See your Nikon dealer (he's listed in the Yellow Pages). Ask him also about the traveling Nikon School. Or, write to Nikon Inc., Dept. N-4, Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (PEO) (In Canada: Nikon Division, Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)



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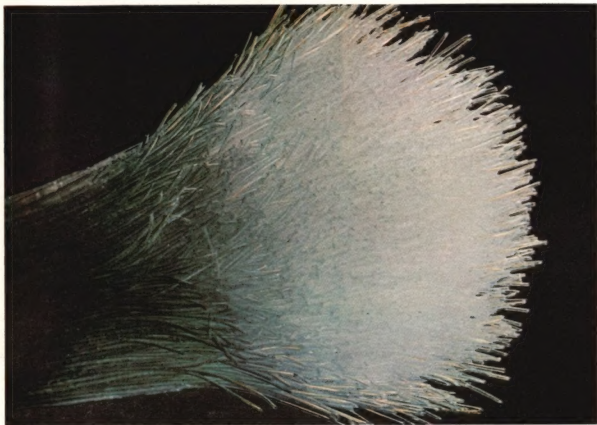
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TIME, 1979

For thousands of Americans with kidney disease, these are the threads of life.



Hollow fibers that are part of an artificial kidney made with a chemical developed by Phillips Petroleum.

Most doctors agree, the best treatment for a patient with severe and permanent kidney failure is the surgical transplant of a healthy kidney from a donor.

But some patients are just not suited for a transplant. Others may need time to recover from the trauma of their kidney failure before they are ready for surgery. Or they must be maintained until a suitable donor is found.



Disposable, artificial kidneys can take over when human kidneys fail.

So for thousands of people whose kidneys have failed, an artificial kidney machine is the only hope for survival.

At the heart of these remarkable

machines is a unique, disposable "kidney", that's made with a chemical developed by Phillips Petroleum. It consists of thousands of fine, hollow fibers, specially designed to remove excess fluid and impurities from the blood stream.

These fibers are so effective, a patient's entire blood supply can be purified by spending just a few hours on an artificial kidney machine, two or three times a week.

So thousands of hospital-based outpatients who are waiting for a healthy kidney from a donor can now lead full and productive lives.

Developing lifesaving chemicals while we make fine products for your car. That's performance. From Phillips Petroleum.

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MAUI. THE PLACE

Maui moves with the timeless energy of an island in a state of constant discovery. Things are definitely "happening" here and visitors come from all over to see what it's all about.

On first impression, Maui seems as innocent and untouched as if it arose from the ocean floor only yesterday. The jungled valleys. Bright ribbons of white sand. Cool uplands. Vast craters.

But make no mistake. Maui wears its age well.

Through the years, it has become an island of many faces. While its rugged slopes still contain the weathered bluffs and lush valleys of long ago, its sunny lowlands have sprouted luxurious resorts, vacation condominiums, golf courses and shopping complexes that share the scene with restored historic landmarks reminiscent of the lusty days of whalers in Hawaiian ports.

Truly, there is something for everyone on Maui.

Many claim the best beaches in the world are on Maui. There are 42 to choose from, most with soft, silvery sands that seem to stretch endlessly toward the horizon. And if you can't seem to pull yourself away from sand and surf, there are several outstanding beachfront resort areas like Wailea, Kaanapali and Kapalua, each designed to combine beach time with golf, tennis and sightseeing activities.



clipping down a 2000 ft. trail on a mule in Molokai...or exploring the 75,000 acres of wide open spaces in Lanai, it is not difficult to appreciate the islands' peaceful beauty and unassuming life.

Recently, Molokai has become a popular "discovery" for the modern world with a brand new resort just opened and several others planned.



Maui has become a tennis mecca for those who want availability plus some of the most colorful scenery in the world. Beautifully well-kept courts are available at all the major resorts, the abundant flowers and shrubbery providing a lush tropical setting for play.

Golfers share a similar experience. There are six courses, many overlooking the ocean and near distant islands.



Eating places range from a tree house restaurant to waterfront snack bars, mango and papaya stands and small roadside markets.



Molokai and Lanai, the two other islands that make up Maui County, are the closest you'll probably come to seeing the real old Hawaii. Whether you're



Once the capital of the Hawaiian Monarchy, Maui's Lahaina town is now a capital place for a vacation. Blessed by a beautiful seaside locale, it is a salty blend of narrow sidewalks, old

FOR ALL SEASONS.

wooden buildings, and a picturesque yacht harbor. It has become a tropical hodgepodge of intense historic appeal.

All the more fun to shop here. While you poke in and out of the busy little thoroughfares, you'll find a wide assortment of craft, clothing and gift shops nestled alongside restored museums, churches, whaling artifacts, a 19th century touring car and an old-time (smoke and all) sugar cane train.



Hawaii isn't just a single island state, but eight stately islands, each with its own story. Our heritage reads like a world tour—Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Korean, Hawaiian, South Pacific Islander, English, Portuguese. But everyone shares the "Aloha Spirit" unique to the Islands.

OAHU is still the "Gathering Place" for active Hawaiian life. Luxury hotels, world class restaurants, shopping and nightlife are a stone's throw from white sand beaches and dense rain forests. Downtown Honolulu is a delightful montage of modern office towers and wooden facades of early Hawaii. Oahu's North Shore contains some of the finest, fiercest surf



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anywhere. And for a bit of history, most visitors include stops at Iolani Palace and the Pearl Harbor Memorial. It's all part of the most sophisticated paradise in the world.

KAUAI, Hawaii's exotic greenhouse, boasts shimmering green valleys, dripping fern grottos, tucked away beaches—yours for the day or a lifetime. HAWAII is the Big Island for contrasts:

13,000 foot volcanoes tower over orchid nurseries while vast, low stretches of lava tumble into black sand beaches. Here, activities like golf and fishing seem less like common sports and more like exotic experiences.

"Island-hop" in no time by plane and try to see a bit of each. After all, when you see one island of Hawaii, you've really only seen one.



Hana, remote and unhurried, is a 50 mile drive from Kahului and well worth the ride.



Legend has it that the demigod Maui stood on the rim of the volcano to trap the sun with a net and make it go more slowly through the sky, giving the crops more

time to grow. So it came to be that the great volcano became known as Haleakala or "House of the Sun."

Legend or not, the sunrise at the summit of


Haleakala is almost a mystical experience. Whenever the sun breaks through the soft layer of clouds, a spectrum of pastel hues color the cinder cones several

hundred feet high. The true experience, though, is to backpack or take an overnight horseback trip into the crater itself.

For more information, see your travel agent.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. MORE THAN A PRETTY PLACE.

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Letters

Iran and Carter

To the Editors:

Having gained power through violence, Ayatollah Khomeini [Feb. 26] must continue to use violence to stay in power, or become a victim of it.

Michael Ivanchak Jr.
Niles, Ohio

In your article "Surprise and Confusion" you state, "In ways not yet fully clear, the sight of Iran reduced to anarchy has brought into question Washington's ability and determination to support its allies and to assert what the nation stands for." And just what does this nation stand for? Is it self-determination by the majority of a people, or continued American economic and military hegemony over the "free" world?

Edward J. Wojtezak
Deatur, Ga.



To brand President Carter indecisive over the downfall of the Shah is absurd. Only by heaping brutality onto brutality could the Shah have been saved. The real problem is not Carter's supposed confusion, but the confusion of Americans over what type of President they want.

Richard Evans
Santa Monica, Calif.

Correspondent Strobe Talbott's analysis that "the basic trouble seems to be that Jimmy Carter... is still unable to project a sense that he is in control of events" indicates that Mr. Talbott has accepted the essential error of the present Administration: image rather than reality is all important. The truth is that Mr. Carter is not in control of events.

Patrick J. Geary
Paris

Those Alienated Allies

The Soviets skirmish with the Chinese over boundaries. The Vietnamese annihilate a Communist regime in Cambo-

dia, and now the Chinese attack the Vietnamese in retaliation for the Cambodian war [Feb. 26]. How can the various Communists expect the rest of us to believe that their type of government represents the apex of sociopolitical evolution when they can't tolerate each other?

David Deneau
Hamilton, Ont.

One should remember that China has only one formula for making friends: My enemy's enemy is my friend! China has joined hands with Pakistan only to corner India and has joined hands with the U.S. only to pin down the Soviet Union.

Rajib Basa
Calcutta

If the events of the current Sino-Vietnamese conflict follow historical precedent, we should expect the Chinese to punish the Vietnamese, the Russians to punish the Chinese, and the Americans to punish themselves.

E.E. Richey
Vancouver, B.C.

The invasion of Viet Nam by China reminds me of the things Vice Premier Teng said in his interview with Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan: "China is quite poor." Apparently, nations are never too poor to wage war and destroy. What a folly!

Franz Kottira
Birmos, Austria

Our Crush on Oil

This nation's lust for oil [Feb. 26] is a national disgrace. In order to get our daily "fix" we are willing to coddle tyrants, insult friends and grovel before reactionary regimes. Once it was feared that mankind would be "crucified upon a cross of gold"; now it appears that it will be crushed by a barrel of oil.

James P. McGrath
Washington, D.C.

Raising the Drinking Age

As a 17-year-old, I applaud the recent trend to raise the drinking age [Feb. 26] in order to save my life. I only wonder if when the next war comes along, the legislators will still show the same concern and raise the draft age to 21.

Nick Thompson
Pittsburgh

How many alcohol-related problems might be solved if the drinking age were raised to 65? It's a sobering thought.

Jim Hussey
St. Paul

A Girl's Best Friend?

Disgusting female writers are now trying to downgrade mothers [Feb. 26]. It won't work because the average girl sees

her mother as her best friend. I loved my mother. What she taught me has helped make me a better woman. My daughter loves me; we are each other's best friend.

Marie Johnson
Niagara on the Lake, N.Y.

Wouldn't it be refreshing to read a book written by the mothers of these people who keep telling us how terrible she was? I'll bet the writers were brats as little girls and needed a good scolding once in a while from dear old Mom.

(Mrs.) Helene Cribbs
Canton, Ohio

As a psychotherapist and mother of three daughters, I see the mother-daughter relationship as "knotty," usually because mothers who have not achieved in their own right attempt to achieve through their daughters—in education, a career or a "successful" marriage. Identification works both ways.

Evelyn Merlin Rockwell
New York City

Sir James Is Amused

Your article concerning the editorship of France's leading newsmagazine, *L'Express* [Feb. 26] is most amusing. I have been accused of many sins, but never before of being obsequious to the left.

Yes, I did fire the editor Philippe Grumbach. But the reason was not his political stance. He just was not much good. He was replaced as editor in chief by Jean-François Revel, and Raymond Aron became head of the editorial board. Anyone with any knowledge of France and of Europe would know exactly where they stand, and it is not among sympathizers of a Socialist-Communist union.

By the way, your article suggesting my sympathy for the left appeared on the same day as the French Communist press described me as a wicked capitalist. This followed an in-depth investigation published that week in *L'Express* that finally destroys the fiction that the French Communist Party and the largest French trade union are independent from Moscow.

Sir James Goldsmith
London

Kosinski's Steps

That 27 publishers and agents failed to recognize and rejected Jerry Kosinski's *Steps* several years after it received the National Book Award [Feb. 19] is no surprise. What is surprising is the trash they accept—and readers buy.

John Violette
Saco, Maine

Your story shows a misconception of how trade publishing works. Every season brings new examples of bestsellers that have been turned down at one or more houses. Indeed, it's this very individuality of decision that makes trade

Letters

publishing the quirky, exciting business it is, and allows unknown, aspiring authors a shot at the big time.

To provide a service for the 3,000 or so hopeful authors who send us their manuscripts every year represents a considerable cost to us, in view of the fact that the results amount to perhaps two or three manuscripts a year that we deem publishable on our own list.

*Austin G. Olney, Editor in Chief
Trade Division, Houghton Mifflin
Boston*

High-Flying Gold

It is theoretically possible, by volume, to load 80,000 tons of gold into four C-5A Air Force transports, as you say in "Big Boom in a Barbarous Relic" (Feb. 26), if you want four collapsed aircraft. But if you are implying that "the thing will fly," the answer is no. Not unless you extend the wingspan to eight miles and add some 1,600 engines.

*Helmut Mueller
Palatine, Ill.*

Bubba's Penalty

To confine a 14-year-old child like Robert Earl ("Bubba") May Jr. (Feb. 26) with 1,800 felons in a state penitentiary is in itself a crime. Had young Bubba May

been white and belonged to the middle or upper-middle class, would he have received 48 years in a state penitentiary?

*Enrique H. Peña
Judge, Juvenile Board
El Paso*

So the defense counsel, Julie Ann Epps, thinks little Bubba "doesn't know what 48 years is." I doubt that the asinine judge who delivered the sentence does either.

*Paul Du Bois
Charenton-le-Pont, France*

Bubba may be "a terrified little boy," but he certainly knows that robbery, using guns and beating up women is not good and proper behavior. It would be gullibility to think of a teen-ager as being an innocent baby, though Bubba's sentence is indeed extremely harsh and should be appealed.

*Catherine Barnes
New York City*

The sick part of this case is that people like Defense Counsel Epps may succeed in convincing Bubba that he is the victim. Who cares about the injured saleswoman—perhaps she shouldn't have got in Bubba's way.

*Gene L. Rickaby
Mt. Prospect, Ill.*

Laughing Over Life's Laws

We have laughed a lot over your Americana article on Paul Dickson's collection of useful and useless social axioms (Feb. 26), but here's one we think you missed: The sooner you fall behind, the more time you have to catch up.

*Sam Ogden
Amherst, Mass.*

Coccia's Law maintains that regardless of where you sit, the wind will always blow the smoke from a barbecue in your face.

*James R. Coccia
Glens Falls, N.Y.*

Let me add a colleague's contribution to the most noble endeavors of Paul Dickson: If you have a bunch of clowns, you're going to have a circus.

*R.J. Boettcher
Bridgewater, N.J.*

Close's Clever Clue for Clashing Couples: If I can prove I'm right, I make things worse.

*(The Rev.) Henry Close
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

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Pete Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



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The U.S. Coast Guard ship *Mackinaw* crushing ice in the St. Marys River between Lakes Huron and Superior

American Scene

On the Great Lakes: A Mackinaw Dance for U.S. Steel

The uniform of the day," says Captain Gordon Hall, watching his parka-clad deck crew scramble around on the slippery bow, "is anything to keep warm." It is 0900 hours, with a -15° F wind-chill factor, and the U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker *Mackinaw* is about to slip her berth in Sault Ste. Marie. She is headed for Whitefish Bay, a shallow and troublesome body of water leading into the treacherous inland sea that is Lake Superior. In 1975 the ore carrier *Edmund Fitzgerald*, eulogized by Singer Gordon Lightfoot, was heading for shelter in the bay through a November gale when she sank with a crew of 29. In real winter, which in these parts begins in late December and does not let up until April, Superior's blasts drive ice down the bay in windrowed slabs, like giant serving dishes stacked in a sink.

Merchants in pursuit of profits have sailed Whitefish and Superior since the French fur traders' time, 3½ centuries ago. But for most of that time—until seven years ago, in fact—the ice blocked even the biggest ore boats from January to April. The 35-year-old *Mac* will push 30 miles out into Whitefish and then back down through St. Marys River and the locks of Sault Ste. Marie, clearing the way for downbound ore carriers and for empty ships upbound from the steel mills at Gary, Ind. Each winter the 290-ft. *Mac* makes "track" not only through the solid heavy ice but through once broken ice refrozen in crazy-quilt patches the Coast Guardsmen call "brash." Moving through brash, says Hall, "is like trying to punch yourself through a room full of marshmallows." The *Mac* copes differently with ice 2 ft. thick. The old cutter does not exactly knife through it. She just sort of squashes the stuff, bit by bit. As we hit a

swath of virgin ice half a mile wide, out in the bay, the twin screws in the stern force the ship's nearly 2-in.-thick tempered-steel bow up over the edge of the ice. The ice bends, then yields with a deep, dull, grinding mutter. Below decks, it sounds as if the *Mac* is bumping along over a dry bed of rocks. Down in the engine room crewmen wear plastic ear muffs to muffle noise from the cutter's ancient 2,000-h.p. diesels. As the ice field gives way, the *Mac* slips back and forth in a bow-to-stern rocking motion, soothing enough to make your eyelids droop.

Winter navigation on the Great Lakes, besides making tedious and costly work for Coast Guard icebreakers, is a highly touchy issue. The *Mac*'s mission is part of a seven-year, \$27 million experimental program, now in its last year, to determine whether or not winter navigation is practical. The folks in the steel industry, led by U.S. Steel, believe it is. Giant ore boats now cost \$50 million to build, and the industry wants to use them all year for a better return on its money. Year-round navigation also provides a steadier flow of taconite to steel furnaces, eliminating the need for the old, pre-war stockpiling of ore in Gary and other mill towns. An established, year-round flow would mean that U.S. Steel could permanently cut back on the size of its 26-ship Great Lakes fleet.

U.S. Steel feels passionate on the subject, not merely because it accounts for 20 million of the 80 million tons of shipping a year that passes through Sault Ste. Marie but because it insures its own fleet and can set the rates. Other shippers are far less committed to winter navigation because basic ship insurance rates rise prohibitively in the dead of winter.

Environmental groups look at still another bottom line. They fear that the life patterns of fish, birds and other wild animals may be permanently altered by winter navigation, damaging an already precarious ecological balance. When the ice is broken and heat trapped in the water below is released, so the argument goes, the life cycles of various fish may be affected. Just this January an environmental group in New York State called Save the River helped derail a similar navigation study projected for the St. Lawrence Seaway. For Captain Hall, the irony of his role as a public servant helping to keep the furnaces of the domestic steel industry stoked is cheerfully clear. Says he sardonically: "After it got started, the free-enterprise system worked well for about five minutes." But he has also played host to an assortment of environmentalists aboard the *Mac* and finds their pitch frustratingly laden with conjecture. "How can anyone tell if we're frightening the fish?" he asks.

The question may be answered within a couple of years by the U.S. Congress, acting on recommendations from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Meanwhile, three downbound boats, led by U.S. Steel's Roger M. Blough (named for the company's former chief), plough past, distant shapes blurred by a sudden snow squall. The *Blough* is 858 ft. long and very efficient at lugging a payload of taconite pellets in a straight line. Negotiating the harrowing turns of the ice-clogged shipping channel, though, is not the strong suit of the *Blough* or of any lengthy ore carrier. Shepherding the flotilla of three past Johnson and Stribling points, the two most treacherous turns en route to Lake Huron, will keep the *Mac* busy until 2

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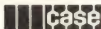
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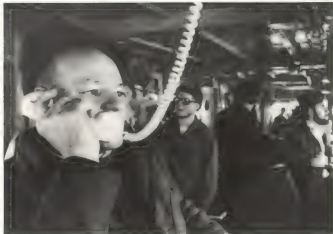


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o'clock the next morning.

Up on the bridge, illuminated by dark red night lights that do not impair vision, the watch is nursing the *Blough* and her followers down-channel. The *Mac* leads, softening the brash in the channel and "leaning on the corners," as Gordon Hall puts it. The channels are desperately tight. Ore carriers must have room to pivot around the turns without their bows or sterns straying from the deep water. There is much moving back and forth by the *Mac* in an effort to flush the ice from the shipping lane, and she shakes like a wet puppy. The "Mackinaw Dance," the crew calls it.

The morning brings a fresh set of problems. An ore carrier called the *George Stinson* is downbound. Known unaffectionately as "Gorgeous George," the *Stinson* is a recently built 1,000-ft.-long Goliath of the lakes. Gorgeous she isn't; unmanageable she is. Says a company skipper who has been on the lakes since 1936: "Those thousand footers don't belong up here." Hall further defines the problem. "They need a lot of power to avoid getting stuck. But if they come barreling around



Captain Hall phones a command from the bridge

the turns full bore, they wind up in the trees."

Unlike U.S. Steel, National Steel Corp., which owns the *Stinson*, shuts down its shipping operations in the worst of the winter. As a result, this is the last run of the year for the *Stinson*. "He can smell the barn," says Hall. Prematurely, as it turns out. Gorgeous takes a turn wide, her bow wavers dangerously in the direction of the shallows and half a minute later she has slithered inshore. Not in the trees,

to be sure, but helplessly hemmed in by tons of brash, powerless to move. Ever so carefully the *Mac* steams in, hacking at the brash. A broadjump's length away from the looming hull, the *Mac* makes a pass down the *Stinson*'s starboard side. "I hate to try you this way," the *Stinson*'s skipper radios Hall. "I'd hate to get blamed by U.S. Steel for holding up this parade."

Gorgeous churns free in 45 minutes. The parade proceeds again, in slow cadence. And again it is 2 a.m. when the *Mac* breaks off to leave the *Stinson*'s skipper to his own devices, well on his way to Detroit.

In the morning of the third day, there is some mopping up to do in the channel, some marshmallows still to be punched. It is 52 hours after setting out when the *Mac* noses into her berth. It costs \$16,000 a day to operate her, but Hall seems happy. He tips his hat back on his head and sighs: "This is a lot more rewarding than arctic icebreaking. At the end of a day here you can look back and know you've helped someone. Up there you just go out and count polar bears."

— Paul Wittenman

Raves for Waves

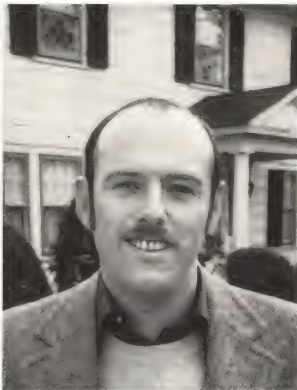
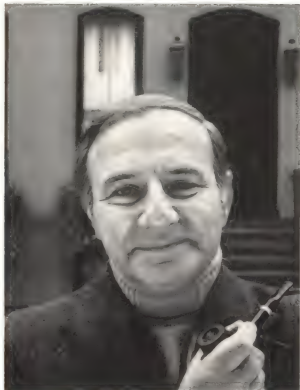


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■ Helping to develop safety standards which protect life and property

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Here's what you can do to protect yourself:

■ Re-evaluate your home insurance needs annually with your agent

■ Take a higher deductible if you can. It lowers your premiums.

■ Install a smoke detector or burglar alarm. Many companies offer premium discounts for such devices.

■ Get a receipt or appraisal for all major household items (furniture, antiques, jewelry, art). Duplicate it and keep it and all such records in a safety deposit box away from your home.

■ Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

¹ Source: U.S. Dept. of Labor. ² Construction Industry and Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce.

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"The Final, Extra Mile"

Carter tries a bold peace mission—and encounters lots of obstacles

WELCOME KARTER read one of the hand-painted signs that were held above the cheering crowd lining the streets of Cairo. Some of the others called him Kartir, Caytar, and Cahtah. Many of them said PEACE, and some said, in honor of his own faith, WE BELIEVE IN GOD. And in Jerusalem it was much the same: WELCOME, SHALOM, and PEACE.

Jimmy Carter's bold flight to the Middle East last week was one of the most startling and swiftly executed diplomatic initiatives in years. Just 72 hours after he telephoned Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to invite himself to Cairo, Carter was on the banks of the Nile. It was a daring attempt to use the prestige of the U.S. presidency to end the month-long stalemate blocking an Egyptian-Israeli peace settlement. Even though the search for a Middle East accord has claimed more of the President's time than any other issue, last week's journey, in the words of Presidential Assistant Hamilton Jordan, demonstrated Carter's willingness to go "the final, extra mile." The goal, of course, was momentous: an end to more than 30 years of warfare that repeatedly threatened to draw the American and Soviet superpowers into a clash.

But as Carter flew off from Andrews Air Force Base, after a surprisingly successful White House meeting with Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, he had no advance assurance that his trip would not lead to an embarrassing failure. It thus entailed major political risks, both for the nations involved and for Carter personally. If he had to return home without having brought Cairo and Jerusalem substantially closer to agreement, he could be criticized for unwisely raising expectations, for wasting U.S. influence, and for improvising showy moves without any serious plan behind them. Said a Washington-based European diplomat: "It is extremely risky; to Europeans it seems even a little bit crazy. There is no fallback position if this fails." While White House Press Secretary Jody Powell

agreed that there was "no guarantee of success," he stressed that "without a major effort such as this, the prospects for failure are almost overwhelming." If the U.S. permitted such a failure, added a formal White House statement, "the judgment of history and of our children will rightly condemn us."

By Sunday night, after 6½ hours of talks in Jerusalem with Begin and senior members of his cabinet, the payoff on Carter's gamble was still in doubt. "A treaty is within our grasp," the President had told Egypt's parliament Saturday. Sadat agreed, saying that "we have had a very fruitful talk." But both leaders cautioned that some issues remained unresolved as Carter headed for Israel. Arriving there just as the Jewish Sabbath was ending, he was greeted at Ben-Gurion Airport by President Itzhak Navon and Premier Begin, who gave him a warm embrace. Said Carter: "I have good reason to hope that the goal can now be reached. I look forward to completing the urgent business at hand on this brief visit." The carefully chosen words were more optimistic, however, than the actual situation. Carter let it be known that he was willing to delay his return home for a day or two, and that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance planned to remain in the Middle East still longer.

If an agreement could possibly emerge, that clearly would be a great triumph that richly justified the risks, but there could still be several weeks' more work in arranging every last detail before a formal signing. And there would still be widespread opposition among Arab nations to any agreement that left the Palestinian problem fundamentally unresolved.

Dramatic as it was, Carter's search for a limited Israeli-Egyptian settlement was only one move in a broader search for stability in the increasingly turbulent Middle East. The upheaval in Iran has turned that nation sharply against both the U.S. and Israel. Saudi Arabia, the world's largest oil exporter, feels increasingly vulnerable and threatened. North

Yemen is under attack by the Soviet-supported regime in South Yemen. So disconcerting were events that Carter ordered the 80,800-ton carrier *Constellation* to head from Subic Bay in the Philippines across the Indian Ocean to the Arabian Sea. This action was in marked contrast to the Administration's inactivity during the collapse of Iran.

What made Carter's sudden trip possible was a trio of U.S. proposals designed to bridge key differences in the Egyptian and Israeli interpretations of the accords signed by Sadat and Begin last September at Camp David. The main questions:

- 1) Would the signing of an Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty commit Israel to granting autonomy to the Palestinians living in the areas it seized in the 1967 war?
- 2) What is the timetable, if any, for negotiations leading to that autonomy?
- 3) Does the treaty take precedence over defense agreements Cairo previously signed with other Arab states?

On the first two questions, Carter last week offered a carefully crafted formula that merely implied linkage between the Egyptian-Israeli treaty and Palestinian autonomy by stating that the treaty is part of the agreement for "a framework for a comprehensive peace treaty signed at Camp David." As for the timetable, the U.S. compromise said that negotiations on autonomy will begin one month after Israel and Egypt sign their treaty and "will be concluded within twelve months." Elections for the Palestinian councils, the first step toward self-rule, would be held speedily. This proposal, however, left ambiguous the questions of what happens if there is no agreement at the end of a year's talks and exactly how quickly the elections are to be held. With these ambiguities to protect him, Begin accepted for the first time at least a vaguely implicit linkage and an implicit timetable.

On the issue of treaty precedence, Carter offered a Solomonic solution: that the Israeli-Egyptian treaty would not have precedence over Egypt's other treaties, but neither would Cairo's other treaties have precedence over the one with Israel. This mind-numbing legal nicety leaves unresolved, of course, the crux of the issue: a definition of the circumstances under which Egypt can join another Arab state in fighting Israel. Begin agreed to accept that too; hence Carter's mission.



A message in the flags lining the route into Cairo



Red-carpet treatment: Airport arrival, sweeper leads way; Crowds cheer Carter and Sadat in motorcade into Cairo



Antique train takes Carters down Nile to Alexandria



Landing at Ben-Gurion, Carter addresses Israelis, Rosalynn gets flowers



At the beginning of last week, there was absolutely no hint of the startling diplomatic moves that Carter would soon make. On the contrary, the President's talks with Begin in Washington were not going well, and the euphoria kindled by the Camp David summit had all but faded completely. At his Sunday school Bible class at the First Baptist Church, the President wearily shook his head and confessed, "I stayed up real late last night with Premier Begin. We did not make any progress." The Israeli leader agreed with that view, stating on an ABC television interview program that "we didn't solve the main issues" and that the talks were still in a "deep crisis."

During most of their eight hours at the White House, Carter listened quietly to Begin's arguments that Egypt had "deviated" from the original Camp David accords and that the deadlock was partly the result of Carter's backing Sadat on some key points. Carter challenged both points, but let Begin talk on.

From his remarks it was clear that Begin had just about ruled out any new concessions. Begin argued, for instance, that the precisely worded phrases that almost completely barred any linkage between the Egyptian-Israeli agreement and the Palestinian problem were the "soul" of the Camp David agreement. Sadat has demanded linkage in order to combat the accusation that he has abandoned his fellow Arabs on the West Bank and Gaza. To Begin such linkage means that fulfillment of the peace treaty could be delayed if the Palestinians make trouble in the negotiations on autonomy. In the meantime, Israel might have withdrawn from most of the Sinai, thus losing a considerable military advantage.

"We cannot sacrifice our security for the sake of Sadat's prestige," Begin told Carter. "We leaders of Israel cannot betray our children."

The one matter on which Begin and Carter seemed to concur was that Middle East instability was reaching a crisis



Oddly spelled signs honor Carter in Cairo

Saudi Arabia: A Friendship Strained

No other country in the Middle East is more important to U.S. economic and strategic interests than Saudi Arabia. Because of the immense oil wealth of the desert kingdom, its internal stability and its political moderation in Arab affairs, Washington has regarded Riyadh's support for the Camp David accords as vital to the success of any peace settlement. That support has not been forthcoming, despite pleas from Washington and Cairo. Saudi Arabia views any Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty as essentially bilateral and insists that only a comprehensive settlement involving all the confrontation states holds any real prospect for peace. In the meantime, Saudi economic and foreign policies remain a force for moderation in the area, a contribution that the Saudis believe goes unappreciated in Washington. As a result, the long, close friendship between the two countries has undergone a severe strain.

Last month Crown Prince Fahd, the *de facto* chief exec-

utive of Saudi Arabia's absolute monarchy, canceled a trip to Washington, ostensibly because of ill health. The Saudis had feared that the trip would coincide with U.S.-Egyptian-Israeli Foreign Minister talks at Camp David. Thus Fahd's arrival in Washington might have seemed to lend the Saudis' official sanction to the September accords, which Riyadh opposes as having been achieved at the expense of the rest of the Arab world. The continued upheaval in Iran and the growth of Soviet influence in South Yemen and the Horn of Africa have convinced many Saudis that the U.S. is no longer a trustworthy bulwark against radical change and Communist encroachment in the area. As the U.S. is perceived to waver, the Saudis are especially mindful that the Soviet Union must begin importing essential oil supplies by the early 1980s. And Saudi Arabia is acutely aware that the U.S.S.R. is not very far away, either in distance or influence. TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Dean Breilis, after a visit to Riyadh last week, assesses the Saudi mood:

When the news reached Riyadh that President Carter would soon arrive in the Middle East to nail down a peace treaty, there were no outbursts of relief or thanksgiving. In fact, there was much more excitement over the Arab Foreign Ministers' meeting in Kuwait, which had just arranged a second cease-fire in the border war between Marxist, Moscow-leaning South Yemen and moderate, pro-Saudi North Yemen. For the Saudis, the importance of the cease-fire was that it had been negotiated and resolved by the Arabs. The President's visit to Cairo and Jerusalem was only another chapter in what they sadly call Jimmy Carter's "hopeless Camp David mission."

Prince Saud al Faisal, 36, the Princeton-educated Foreign Minister, described his country's policy by saying, "It is the unwavering position of the kingdom that all the problems in our area should be solved by Arabs. We do not believe in individual solutions... Our permanent and basic aim is to foster Islamic and Arabic interests."

Officials in Riyadh are adamant that Saudi Arabia will not accept a Camp David treaty, no matter how it is phrased or what its timetable may be, that does not firmly guarantee the return of all the Arab lands occupied by Israel during the Six-Day War of 1967. They are unremitting in their desire to see East Jerusalem removed from Israeli sovereignty, and they



Prince Saud al Faisal: he wants Arab problems solved by Arabs



"Some words here or there." The two presidents compare notes at Tahra Palace

insist that only the creation of an independent state on the West Bank and in Gaza can resolve the Palestinian issue. Autonomy for these occupied territories, they say, is simply not enough. According to high-ranking Saudi officials, any treaty that falls short of these conditions—and the Camp David accords fall far short of them—will result in a closer alliance among Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Syria, Algeria, Libya, the Palestine Liberation Organization and Iran, whose new anti-Israel attitude has gone down well in Riyadh. Together, these Muslim states would command an impressive control over much of the world's oil supply.

And what if Egypt signs a treaty that the rest of the Arab world considers inadequate? Answered one Saudi official: "If Sadat wants to liberate his own land, we cannot condemn him. But we will disagree completely with the strategy he used to get his land back. We believe that Arabs should use any means, peaceful or violent, to liberate lands that have been stolen from them. This is an Islamic concept, and it guides us in our thinking and behavior. But if Sadat signs a treaty that gives him back his own land and does nothing for his Arab brothers, it will be a grave mistake."

As for the Israelis, a Saudi foreign ministry official contends, "They are the rider holding the reins, and the U.S. Administration gallops, turns right or left, as the Israelis direct. We are not asking for an anti-Israeli treaty, [but] we would like to see proof that Jimmy Carter is not anti-Arab, especially anti-Palestinian. It will be a great relief in the Arab world if Jimmy Carter gets a treaty that doesn't, between the lines, give all the advantages to the Israelis and the dregs to the Arabs."

"We are confronted with enormous changes [in the Middle East]," adds one of Prince Saud's top deputies in the foreign ministry. "The President of the U.S. remains narrowly concerned about peace between Israel and Egypt. That kind of peace is bound to make things worse, not better. What happens to all the hungry people in Egypt? Are the Israelis going to feed them, or will Carter with his 'Marshall Plan'? Who is going to pay for it? He could have that kind of plan if he had the support of the entire Arab world. We're all in favor of peace. But not Carter's peace. Or Begin's peace. Or Sadat's. It's got to be peace that works for all the people who live and work and die in the area. It's cruel to say it, but the peace Carter is after is supposed to help him look like a better President. And that just won't work."

point in the light of the revolution in Iran, the military weakness of Saudi Arabia, and the confluence of the pan-Islamic movement and Muslim radicalism. Begin declared that Israel is not only a stable democracy but also a potential strategic asset to the U.S., and Carter agreed. Carter himself offered no new ideas. He asked Begin what he thought a breakdown in talks would lead to, and Begin coolly answered that it would not necessarily be a tragedy. Said he: "The next step should be very serious reflection, and we need some time for all the parties involved."

Although his talks with Begin were getting nowhere, Carter decided on one last attempt to find a compromise. Secretary Vance and a handful of aides began combing the minutes of the Camp David summit and the subsequent negotiations. Working nearly around the clock (Vance skipped a Sabbath dinner given by Begin), they sought some kind of formulation that would satisfy the Arabs on the questions of linkage and treaty prece-

It'll start to fail from the moment the ink begins to dry."

In some ways, the relationship between the U.S. and Saudi Arabia has been a personal one, based upon the House of Saud and the President in the White House. The Saudis now feel threatened by the distance they see between themselves and the Carter Administration. There is a sense in Saudi Arabia that a time of decision is rapidly approaching, a decision that could dramatically alter the special friendship that has existed with the U.S. Until recently, the Saudis believed that their interests were almost identical with those of the U.S., whether they concerned oil, investments or defense. It went so far, sums up a Saudi official, reflecting a widely held attitude in his country, that "we sacrificed our own interests for the sake of the U.S. and didn't question it."

The Saudis are asking aloud why, in times of shortage, they should produce oil in excess of their plans so that America, with 6% of the world's population, can continue to consume 30% of the supply. If a treaty between Egypt and Israel is signed that does not meet Saudi expectations of fairness, relations with the U.S. are bound to get chillier.



Crown Prince Fahd: he pointedly called off his trip to Washington



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MONTE CARLO

Nation

dence without requiring Israel to compromise on the essential issue of security. What Vance and his team eventually came up with was nothing very startling—three rather enigmatic paragraphs on a single sheet of paper.

The Americans were not optimistic about Vance's document. "We thought maybe Begin would accept one of the three," said an aide. Their assessment was so gloomy that Carter did not even mention Vance's new proposal at his next session with Begin on Saturday evening. It was only after church on Sunday morning that Carter telephoned Begin and asked him to come to one last meeting that afternoon. As Vance read aloud what he called a "formula for compromise," Carter calmly awaited Begin's reaction. To everyone's surprise, the Israeli seemed much impressed. He studied the single-page draft for several minutes and then said he would "consider these proposals seriously." The Americans looked at each other in astonishment. Said one later: "It was the best news we had heard in a long time." Said another: "We had absolutely no rational reason to presume that Begin would be receptive."

Begin said he would immediately submit the proposals to his Cabinet, and made it clear that he would urge approval. Though it was past midnight in Cairo, Carter telephoned Sadat to report the encouraging developments. Despite Begin's endorsement, the Israeli Cabinet approved the U.S. proposals by only a thin majority, nine in favor, three opposing and four abstaining. When he got word of the vote, Carter again called Sadat, this time to tell him of his idea of flying to the Middle East. Said Carter: "I'd like to come over with these suggestions. They're not going to be exactly what you want, but I believe they take into consideration your concerns." Sadat offered to come to Washington, but Carter stuck to his plan. Sadat replied that the American would be warmly welcomed in Egypt.

Shortly afterward, Carter invited Begin back to the White House. In an eight-minute meeting, Carter told him of his plan to fly to the Middle East to obtain Egypt's acceptance of the compromise. Leaving the President's office, Begin flashed a "thumbs up" sign to an aide and exclaimed, "Good news! World news!" Cutting short his trip to the U.S. by one day, he flew home and declared, "This has been a good week for Israel."

The White House clearly enjoyed revealing the presidential trip. Even the regulars in the briefing room gasped when Jody Powell announced it. At Powell's elbow sat two rare visitors to the press room, Presidential Aides Hamilton Jordan and Zbigniew Brzezinski. Barely able to contain their pleasure, they had dropped by to relish the reporters' surprise.

With the dramatic announcement, the White House mood brightened enor-

mously. Aides who had been depressed and subdued by a long series of dismal domestic developments and international setbacks began joking and bantering as they became caught up in the hectic preparations for Carter's departure. The President himself looked more jovial.

To change Washington's mood was one reason for Carter's sudden decision to head for the Middle East. Having been stung by his decline in the opinion polls, Carter was reaching for a dramatic foreign venture. By going to Cairo and Jerusalem on short notice, he might satisfy those critics who have been clamoring for him to "do something somewhere."

But there were more important reasons for Carter's decision. Despite the risk that the mission's failure could further erode the President's image as an effective global leader, there was a pressing

carriers. These arms could be airlifted to North Yemen almost immediately.

Surveying the deteriorating U.S. fortunes in the Middle East, a top U.S. official remarked last week, "It's not a question of the U.S. running out of patience. It's a question of time running out over there." Said another presidential aide: "We're going to be in the soup anyway if we fail to get an Egyptian-Israeli settlement. We might as well go all the way."

Once Carter had obtained Israel's approval of the new compromise proposals, he concluded he had to move quickly. Said a White House official: "He knew that he had to pre-empt the Palestine Liberation Organization, Begin's Cabinet, Sadat's lawyers—everyone—from tearing the compromise apart again." Having learned something about Middle East temperament during his months of involvement in



Brzezinski (left) with Diplomats Harold Saunders (center) and Roy Atherton on Egyptian train. Behind the pageantry, the work continued on the unresolved issues.

need to take some bold international action to reassure America's friends and allies of Washington's determination to protect its interests. An editorial in a Beirut paper speculated that the U.S. was fast becoming a "super nonpower" in the Middle East. Much more worrisome to the Administration was the degree to which Saudi Arabia seemed to be reassessing its close ties with the U.S.

With the Saudis clearly in mind, Washington moved to demonstrate that it was not prepared to allow North Yemen to fall victim to South Yemen's aggression. The U.S. offered to fly in F-15 jets to defend Saudi Arabia if the Saudis use their own air power in Yemen (the Saudis declined the offer for the time being). North Yemen, meanwhile, was authorized to receive some \$300 million in U.S. weaponry, including a dozen F-5E fighter jets, 64 M-60 tanks and 50 armored personnel

carriers. These arms could be airlifted to North Yemen almost immediately.

What Sadat, on the other hand, gained from a Carter visit was the spectacle of Egyptian throngs cheering him and his



Carter joins Begin and senior members of Israeli Cabinet at start of Sunday's 6½-hour conference in Jerusalem

visitor. Carter understood this and thus agreed to a slow-moving, triumphal train ride from Cairo to Alexandria, even though U.S. Secret Service men voiced serious concerns about protecting him from terrorists. A White House official explained that such hoopla would "demonstrate to the doubters in the Arab world the Egyptian people's support for Sadat and the peace initiative."

Carter's two-day stay in Egypt was a mixture of exotic ceremony and difficult diplomatic bargaining.

The burden of his mission seemed to weigh heavily on him as he arrived. His face was ashen, and he looked unusually tired when he stepped onto the red carpet at Cairo's International Airport after a twelve-hour flight from the U.S. He perked up, however, during the 50-minute, open-limousine ride with Sadat to the Kubbeh Palace, where he and Rosalynn stayed overnight. Carter grinned broadly and waved to the crowds, who were chanting, as they did throughout the trip. "Carter. Carter. Man of peace." Banners fluttered their welcome in the gritty, sandy wind that blows through Cairo at the start of the dust-storm season. Roadside musicians banged their drums and played their flutes.

The capital's crowds were noticeably sparser than those that had greeted Richard Nixon in 1974. This may have been partly because Carter's presidential motorcade appeared on such short notice, partly because it rolled through the tranquil upper-middle-class suburb of Heliopolis rather than Cairo's crowded working-class quarter. Yet the smaller turnout may also have reflected the Cairenes' growing skepticism at the possibility of peace being near. Said one: "We have been waiting now for peace for more than a year. If Carter has brought peace, we can give him a better farewell."

In what Cairo residents described as a "miracle," the city managed to get ready for the President very quickly. Travel routes were cleaned, electricity service was improved (in the hope that street lights would not all suddenly go out, as often happens), and communication equipment was installed to serve the official American party and the estimated 2,500 journalists covering the trip. To

house the visitors, the government took over the entire 400-room Nile Hilton Hotel, forcing its infuriated guests to find other accommodations in the middle of the tourist season. Concerned about terrorists, authorities confined Cairo residents with radical backgrounds to their homes until Carter's departure.

The ceremonial highlight of the second day of the visit was the 137-mile, four-hour train ride from the capital to Alexandria, through Sadat's home district in the heart of the verdant Nile delta. "This is my Georgia," exclaimed the Egyptian leader, pointing to the landscape of thatched-roof mud houses and farmers tilling with ox-drawn wooden plows. The antique diesel locomotive, decorated with flowers and palms, was greeted along the way by the shrill sound of reed instruments and the rhythmic clapping of hands. Dangling from trees and lamp-posts, clustered on roofs and balconies, and crowding close to the rails, tens of thousands of robed farmers, workers and students shouted their greetings. Among them: "We love you, Carter," and "We sacrifice souls and blood for you, Sadat."

In Alexandria, Carter was met by the largest, most enthusiastic crowd of the Egyptian visit. An estimated 1 million people lined the 3½-mile drive along the Mediterranean Sea wall from the railway station to Ras el Tin Palace, where the Carters stayed. That night Sadat was host at a gala state dinner.

The following morning the President and his party returned to Cairo in U.S. Air Force helicopters, which had been ferried to Egypt just for the presidential visit. At Egypt's parliament, he received a standing welcome, and his moving, well-delivered remarks were interrupted by applause 14 times. Addressing the deputies as "my friends, my brothers," he ended the televised speech by citing passages from the Old and New Testaments praising peace as the highest of man's virtues. And he quoted the Koran: "If thine adversary incline toward peace, do thou also incline toward peace, and trust in God." After the speech, Carter had one more working session with Sadat, then quickly toured the Great Pyramid at Giza. When told by a guide that the structure took only 20 years to build, Carter retorted: "I'm surprised that a government organization

could do it that quickly." After the sightseeing, the presidential party took off for Israel.

Behind the pageantry and the politicking, the Americans and Egyptians were working on the issues still stalling the peace settlement. Involved in various aspects of the bargaining was the platoon of advisers accompanying Carter. In addition to Vance, they included Brzezinski, Defense Secretary Harold Brown and U.S. Envoy Roy Atherton. White House officials had been careful not to encourage hopes of success. On the flight to Cairo, a senior presidential aide stressed that Carter was "not particularly" optimistic and was "well aware of the fact that it is much easier for things to go wrong than to go right." This caution seemed warranted, for even before the Americans had landed, Egyptian Premier Moustafa Khalil had announced that his Cabinet had not accepted all the U.S. compromise proposals. Said Khalil: "There will be a few changes."

In Sadat's remarks welcoming Carter, the Egyptian leader pointedly referred to the linkage question. Said Sadat: "We are determined to enable our Palestinian brothers to realize their national rights and regain their freedom." This prompted Carter to depart from his prepared response in order to include "the Palestinians" among those who would benefit from "the state of peace for this region." Carter also assured Sadat that an Israeli-Egyptian agreement would only be part of "a comprehensive peace, a peace that would reflect the legitimate needs of all those who have suffered so deeply during the last 30 years of conflict, enmity and war." This is a point that Carter has been stressing with increasing frequency. Later, in his address to Egypt's parliament, he again endorsed linkage by saying that "there can be little doubt that the two agreements reached at Camp David—negotiated together and signed together—are related."

For a total of 2½ hours on Thursday, the two leaders discussed the U.S. proposals and Egypt's response to them. Even more extensive negotiating went on between Vance and Khalil. Few clues emerged, however, about the course of the talks. When a reporter asked Sadat what

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he had discussed with Carter, the Egyptian replied, "No comment. This is another Camp David." He was referring to the complete secrecy that cloaked the September summit.

On one occasion, Sadat allowed that only "some words here or there" separated his position from the Israelis'. But this was not the candid revelation of progress that it seemed at first, because Carter then added, "We still have some problems, obviously." His grim mood upon leaving Egypt indeed seemed to signal that success was proving elusive.

On arriving in Israel, the President had to attend to the pomp and ceremonies that take up so much of a state visit before he could begin his serious talks. He was welcomed by Begin and President Navon in a glare of floodlights at Ben-Gurion Airport as a 21-gun salute boomed through the night. Then the presidential motorcade rolled into Jerusalem where Mayor Teddy Kollek offered him bread and wine, an honor once reserved for Jewish kings returning from battle. According to Kollek this was "the most important visit to Jerusalem since the Queen of Sheba."

Saturday night, Jimmy and Rosalynn dined privately with Begin and his wife Aliza at the Premier's residence. This was the President's first chance to brief the Israeli on Sadat's response to the U.S. compromise proposals. When the two leaders parted after midnight, both looked glum. On Sunday, Carter attended St. Andrew's Church and later paid tribute at the Yad Vashem memorial to the 6 million Jewish victims of Nazism. Wearing a yarmulka, he placed a wreath at the memorial and observed that it was impossible to understand Israel without recognizing what was symbolized there.

The Israeli government took elaborate precautions to guarantee the President's safety. Some 10,000 security personnel were on duty, the armed forces went on alert against terrorist attacks and all public demonstrations were banned. The vigilance paid off. On the eve of the President's arrival, four Palestinian terrorists, armed with Soviet-made Kalashnikov automatic rifles, were intercepted as they slipped across the Jordan River about 30 miles northeast of Jerusalem. Their purpose apparently was to mar Carter's visit by seizing some Israelis and holding them hostage to exchange for the release of imprisoned Palestinians. The Israeli military patrol that discovered them at about midnight killed all four infiltrators in a brief gun battle.

The critical event of Carter's first full day in Israel was his Sunday meeting with Begin and senior members of the Premier's Cabinet. There Carter formally presented Sadat's objections to the U.S. compromise. And once again Carter, assisted by Vance, sought to bridge the not yet publicly disclosed Egyptian-Israeli

differences. Certainly Carter pressed strongly the note he had sounded so firmly the night before: "It would be a tragedy to turn away from the path of peace after having come so far."

The meeting lasted far beyond the two hours allotted, and a kosher lunch had to be brought to the Cabinet room. When he emerged from the session, Carter admitted: "Important issues remain to be resolved." Said Begin of the talks: "very serious, very friendly." Earlier the Israelis had been saying that they were ready to accept cosmetic modifications by Sadat to the original U.S. proposals. A senior Cabinet member remarked: "Here a change, there a word—as long as these changes are not substantial—it will be okay with us." But there were also warnings that Begin would not yield on substance. Said Cabinet Secretary Aryeh Naor: "We will not go beyond our 'red line.' Begin sim-

ple in the region remains disturbingly high so long as other Arab states refuse to join the peace process. So far, Sadat stands dangerously isolated. Almost no Arab leader has endorsed his dealings with Israel.

In blasting Carter's trip last week, Syria's state-run radio railed against "Sadat the traitor and Begin the terrorist." Syrian President Hafez Assad told a Damascus rally that Carter, Sadat and Begin "may have what they call a peace treaty ... but the outcome will not be worth the paper it is written on. Time will prove that the Middle East will still be in a state of war." In a thinly veiled threat against Sadat, Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat declared: "The Egyptian people will eventually triumph over President Sadat. Carter's visit to Egypt this week reminds us of his visit to Iran to celebrate the new year of 1978 with the Shah. Like the Iranian people in 1978, the time will soon come when the Egyptian people will prove that they



ple thinks that any further compromise will endanger Israel's capability to survive. It depends now on strong nerves and an ability to withstand psychological pressure."

Sunday evening, Begin convened his full Cabinet to take what an Israeli official called "very important decisions." Carter was scheduled to meet with the full Cabinet the next morning, and afterward address the Knesset.

Even if a settlement on the U.S. compromise proposals can finally be worked out, several other problems will still remain. Among them, guarantees to Israel that its loss of the Sinai oilfields would not deprive it of an adequate oil supply, and a timetable for the exchange of ambassadors between Cairo and Jerusalem. Also to be determined is the amount of economic aid the U.S. will give Israel in compensation for its abandonment of its military installations in the Sinai. (Israel has asked more than \$3 billion.)

These are relatively simple points. In

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too are a time bomb." Supporting all such outcries is the Soviet Union. Its news agency Tass excoriated Sadat for having "taken the road of surrender to Tel Aviv's political and territorial claims."

Other Arab leaders have threatened to take harsh punitive actions against Sadat. At last November's summit in Baghdad, called to oppose the Camp David accords, some Arab leaders called for sanctions against Egypt if it made a separate peace with Israel. Among such sanctions, presumably, could be a pan-Arab economic boycott and an end to the generous financial aid (more than \$3 billion) that Cairo receives annually from Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar and other oil-rich states. *Al Thawra*, the official paper of Iraq's ruling party, last week demanded "the beginning of the punishment" of Sadat because "he is continuing his cooperation in imperialist-Zionist plans."

One thing that is almost certain to follow any Egyptian-Israeli peace is an increased U.S. role in the Middle East. Washington's economic and military aid to both nations would soar from last year's totals, which provided Egypt with \$1 billion and Israel with \$2 billion. Although Carter told the Egyptian parliament that the U.S. "does not seek a special [military] position for itself," the chances are good that America's military commitment to the Middle East would be increased. During his Washington visit Begin suggested, for example, that the U.S. might consider making use of the Sinai airbase at Etzion, which Israel, under the peace terms, would have to turn over to the Egyptians. U.S. officials quickly distanced themselves from any such idea, but that may have been chiefly a diplomatic courtesy, since a deal on the base would have to be discussed with Egypt rather than Israel. While Sadat so far opposes any foreign bases in the Sinai, he might conclude that some form of American presence would contribute substantially to regional stability.

It was also suggested during last week's round of talks that the U.S. Navy might use the bases at Alexandria or Haifa or both. U.S. officials believe that Egypt and Israel would welcome the move. Another military option would be for Washington to sign separate mutual defense treaties with Egypt and Israel. Carter informally raised the idea in his talks with Begin, who approved, but neither side pressed the point.

Such military planning, however, would become far less urgent if the peace process on which Carter has risked so much of his personal prestige eventually led to a comprehensive Middle East settlement. That may be a dream requiring years to fulfill, but a reconciliation between Israel and Egypt is almost certainly the first big step. In those terms, Carter's "extra mile" does not seem an unworthy gamble.

Willing to Bet the Farm

"A courageous act," said Harold Blumberg, executive director of Boston's American Jewish Committee. "A bold and desperate gamble," wrote the *Miami Herald*. Said Ted Bonda, an Ohio Democrat and former owner of the Cleveland Indians: "He's put his and the country's prestige on the line."

As Jimmy Carter left for the Middle East, Americans by the hundreds phoned the White House, not to voice approval or disapproval but simply to wish the President good luck. There was at first a general assumption that he had received assurances from Israel and Egypt that his trip would be successful. Said New York Republican Senator Jacob Javits: "If he's taking more risk than I think he's taking, he's crazy." But Carter in fact had received no such guarantee, and the American people soon realized that he had embarked on the most politically hazardous trip of his presidential career. Riding with him on Air Force One could have been his own political future. Said the *Herald*: "His willingness to bet the farm in 1979 could well send him back to it after 1980."

Few people doubted the genuineness of Carter's motives in taking such risks, but there was also no doubt that he was sorely in need of some kind of victory. On the eve of his departure, he had sunk to his lowest point in the public-



Republican Javits questions risk

opinion polls since July 1978 (63% negative in the Harris survey), partly because voters generally believe that he is floundering in his foreign policy and has lost control of events. Said Joel Fleishman, director of Duke University's Institute for Policy Sciences and Public Affairs: "Carter needs a success. The ripest possibility is the Mideast, so why not go after it?"

Carter's willingness to go his "extra mile," combined with the apparent discovery of new negotiating points acceptable to the Israelis, won him a measure of good will among many American Jews, who had been embittered by his pressure on Israel to make concessions to Egypt. Said Clifton Hillman, president of the Jewish Community Council of Greater Boston: "You've got to give Carter credit for trying." But Jewish leaders cautioned their followers not to

expect too much. Said Myron Brodie, executive director of the Greater Miami Jewish Federation: "A good marriage isn't the result of a marriage certificate. There has to be a real intention to deliver by both sides."

Politicians predicted that the mission's failure would have disastrous consequences for Carter and the Democrats. Said Tim Hagan, Democratic chairman in the Cleveland area: "He's rolled the dice. Now he has to pull it off." But there was considerable debate over how much Carter would gain domestically from success. Such a triumph might temporarily strengthen his hand with the power barons in Washington and help him cope with a stubborn Congress, but political memories are short. Nor would success necessarily improve the President's public image for very long. Said New Hampshire Pollster Richard Bennett: "An agreement would help Carter, but the effect would not be lasting." Observed Mervin Field, whose California poll gives Carter one of the lowest ratings in the past 30 years: "Pushing the international button is less effective than in the past because people are so concerned about domestic problems."

Shirley Wechsler, national vice president of the Americans for Democratic Action, said that "no single act, however important, is going to make a major change in Carter's overall performance. Can he stop inflation? Can he solve the energy crisis?" Columnist John Roche, a political scientist at Tufts University and a former aide to Lyndon Johnson, said, "Carter is carrying acas and eights." The average American attitude on peace in the Middle East is, "Yeah, very nice. But look at the price of gas."

For the moment, however, the President and the advisers who accompanied him to the Middle East had put aside such domestic problems. "Right now we're just thinking about the peace settlement," said an aide. "Once that's taken care of, we'll have plenty of time to cure inflation on the plane coming back. It's a long flight."

*Known to poker players as the "dead man's hand," it refers to the cards Wild Bill Hickok was holding when he was murdered in 1876.

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Others view the fund as an excellent pay-as-you-go system. Taxes are related directly to use. Commercial users, trucks and buses, 17% of all vehicles, pay 43% of the tax. When vehicle population increases, highway use revenues go up to offset increased wear and tear on roadways. "It puts the cost on those who benefit," say proponents. "Keep the Trust Fund as is."

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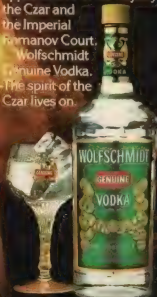
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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

A Touch of the Healing Grace

In the conduct of foreign policy, Jimmy Carter's presidency has become profoundly personal. His initiatives often emerge from his heart, his reasoning is founded to an extraordinary degree on his religious feelings, and his preparations are made in the deepest secrecy. The extent to which he differs from his predecessors and has changed his original intentions is only now fully appreciated.

His approach is hailed by his partisans for its innovativeness, courage and commitment. But it is increasingly questioned by critics for the jolts it produces and the perception of self-centered leadership it creates. These critics believe Carter does not see far enough ahead before he moves.

A few days before the latest Middle East maneuvers, Carter was talking in private about calling another Camp David summit meeting with Israel's Menachem Begin and Egypt's Anwar Sadat. There was a compulsion in his manner, as if something drew him to the mountain, so much so that he hardly considered the possibility that the two men would turn him down. His next move was to enlarge his personal commitment, to get on the phone to Sadat, to invite Begin to the White House for a personal and intimate conference. Carter conferred, joined Begin in a Sabbath dinner, asked the Prime Minister back to the White House the next night for more talks around the family table. The following morning the President was up early and off to teach a Bible class at the First Baptist Church, where he brooded aloud about the impasse. In the next few hours the idea of a pilgrimage to the Middle East took root. Again, there was the feeling that it was something inside Carter that he could not deny himself.

Carter aides cast the journey in personal terms, almost as if the President stood apart from the nation. Their accounts of Carter's determination shone with the bright hopes of the missionary, the sense left with listeners that only Carter could bring the healing grace.

The assessment of this adventure lies on down the road, perhaps months away, as has been the case with most of the President's international initiatives. The record is not encouraging. Dramatic moments too often were revealed in hindsight to have been hastily prepared. Some people fear that an Israeli-Egyptian treaty could isolate Sadat in the Arab world, deepen hostility to the U.S. and ultimately create grave threats to our oil imports.

Carter hears these doubts—or does he? The increasingly personal nature of his leadership sometimes seems to be a protective device designed to give him room to maneuver but also keeping him from seeing the real world. Sincerity and warmth, changes of language and diversionary drama replace substantive progress. Surprise is an effective diplomatic device, but most successful "surprises" in recent years have been carefully crafted and virtually assured of success before being sprung.

Amid the rising concerns about his leadership, Carter has talked more and more about the stabilizing force of his religion. In White House meetings his perception of the world frequently seems biblical, touching on a "dying child," "the downtrodden," "the despised," the link between leadership and "deep religious conviction," the courage of nonviolence.

Almost no one can argue with the beauty of the President's thoughts, but his actions emerge as a series of emotional responses rather than the work of an integrating intelligence, which is a crucial quality for leadership on a globe so intricately and tightly bound.



The Carters and the Begins dining at the White House

Grievous Harm

Explosion over data in
"The H-Bomb Secret"

Freelance Writer Howard Morland is a man with a cause. An activist in nuclear disarmament, he has often lectured and written on the subject. After visiting various federal nuclear facilities with the cooperation of the U.S. Government, he wrote an article, illustrated with diagrams, that tells how to build the most powerful weapon known to man: the H-bomb. Last week the article itself set off an explosion.

The story of some 5,000 words, with the working title "The H-Bomb Secret," was due to appear in the *Progressive* (circ. 40,000), a left-wing monthly published in Madison, Wis. Two weeks ago, Managing Editor Samuel H. Day Jr. sent a copy to the Department of Energy in Washington and asked for verification of the facts. The article was quickly passed from DOE's technical experts to its legal staff. "The reaction was pretty amazing and swift," recalls a DOE official. The department informed the *Progressive* that publication of the material would be "contrary to the United States' efforts to prevent the proliferation of nuclear weapons." DOE urged the magazine to cooperate in modifying parts of the story that dealt with secret information. Claiming that the public needs details on the H-bomb in order to debate nuclear policy, the *Progressive* refused to budge. Government lawyers then asked U.S. District Judge Robert Warren in Milwaukee to block the article's publication.

The *Progressive's* lawyers responded that the U.S. Supreme Court had ruled in the 1971 Pentagon papers case that prior restraint of publication is unconstitutional. (That case was the only previous time a U.S. court had been asked to grant prior restraint based solely on grounds of national security.)

Though the *Progressive* said Morland's material came from "unclassified sources," the Government claimed that publication should be barred under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, which prohibits the dissemination of secret information about nuclear weapons. The article, said the Government's suit, would "result in grave, direct, immediate and irreparable harm to the national security."

After pondering the issues, Judge Warren sided with the Government, at least for the moment. "I'd want to think a long, hard time before I'd give the hydrogen bomb to [Ugandan President] Idi Amin," he said. Warren temporarily prohibited the article from being published and scheduled another hearing for this week. He had a quick rebuttal to worries about the freedom of the press in this particular case. Said he: "You can't speak freely when you're dead."

How electricity affected five generations of Americans #1

In 1885, the Franklin family was just beginning. So was their need for electricity.

The Franklin family, Ann and John, were married in 1879, the year Edison invented the incandescent electric light bulb. They set up housekeeping in a gas-lit brownstone row house.

But in the early 1880s, when Edison's first power station began generating, electric light became a possibility. It was bright, safe, clean and very exciting.

By this time children were coming along for the Franklins, and it seemed like electric lights might make a difference for them. So the Franklins became pioneers; they had electricity installed.

New ideas need more electricity.

Little did they know what a difference electric power would make, for their own children and for the rest of the country. Lights expanded the day so everyone's curiosity, imagination and productive energy had

more time to work.

Ever since then we've been creating and planning and building things that use electricity, always with confidence that the electric companies would make the power we need.

Demand for electricity keeps growing.

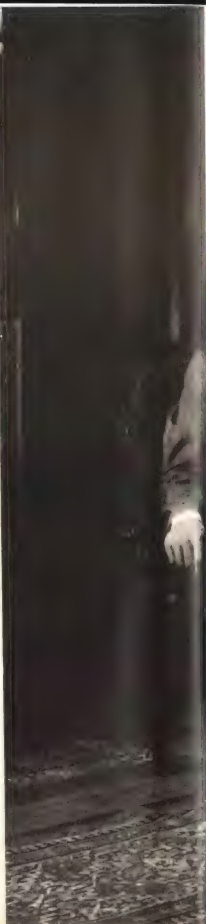
Everyone knows we need to conserve power, and we will. But our country needs jobs and growth. So the demand for electricity will continue to grow into the future, along with families and work and dreams.

Our future will hold things like the electric car, and we'll manufacture electricity from new sources of energy, such as the earth's heat and the sun.

The electric companies are working on new sources of energy while they steadily produce with the old. Making electricity takes a lot of work—always has and always will.

Electricity is America's manufactured resource.

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies





Nation

Taking the Litmus Test

Carter's bill to curb hospital costs challenges Congress

Jimmy Carter insisted that the bill had to be passed. Alfred Kahn, the Administration's anti-inflation strategist, declared that it would contribute more to curbing the rising cost of living than any other piece of legislation. HEW Secretary Joseph Califano termed it "the litmus test" for all members of Congress "on whether or not they have the guts to do something about inflation."

The barrage of rhetoric, which seemed a shade inflated itself, was supporting the Administration's 1979 version of a hospital cost containment bill that passed the Senate last year but failed by one vote to clear a House committee. Vowing to lead a more determined fight for passage this time, the President plugged the bill at a special White House press conference last week. He cited an alarming statistic: only ten years ago, a patient paid \$533 for an average stay in a hospital; the average hospitalization now costs \$1,634. An HEW study found that Americans spent less than 3% of the gross national product on health care at the turn of the century, now spend 9% and, at the current rate of increase, will be doing out 12%, or \$1 trillion, annually by the end of the century. The cost of hospital care over the past ten years has risen more than twice as fast as the overall cost of living (see chart). Carter called the spiraling hospital cost "outrageous" and warned that it was a significant factor in inflation, but one that could be controlled. And Carter argued that a failure to contain inflation would endanger "the basic structure of our society."

To soften some of the criticism that helped kill the legislation last year, the Administration has vastly modified this session's bill. Last year's plan would have clamped a limit of 9% on the annual increase in revenues that hospitals could receive from bed patients. This time, the Administration would give the hospitals until Jan. 1, 1980, to prove that they can hold the amount of money they spend, rather than take in, to an annual increase of no more than 9.7%, plus an adjustment that would take into account some inflation factors. (Studies show that hospital revenues and expenses climb and fall at similar rates but that expenditures are easier to track.) The failure of a hospital covered by the program to meet this goal would trigger a penalizing mechanism so convoluted that administrators claim it would be a bureaucratic nightmare—and they have a point. Basically, the formula would restrict the amount of money that a hospital could collect from patients. A hospital's revenues might be reduced by



Senator Kennedy at committee hearing
Too complex, or the right diagnosis?

as much as 2%, a sharp decline for an institution that operates on narrow margins.

About the toughest penalty in the bill would apply to hospitals that began juggling their patient load so that they were taking in higher-paying patients at the expense of lower-paying, or began discriminating against the poor or the elderly. These hospitals would lose their eligibility to collect from Medicare and Medicaid.

Last year's bill covered almost all community hospitals; this year's would exempt more than half. These include all hospitals in any state in which the average rise of hospital expenditures was below 9.7%, and all nonmetropolitan hos-

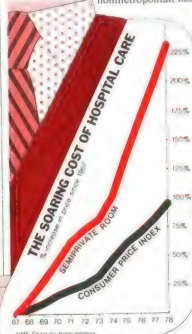
pitals that have fewer than 4,000 admissions a year. Also unaffected would be hospitals in the nine states that have effective state-enforced cost-limit programs.

These exceptions and exemptions so complicate the bill that some liberals fear it will not work, but—concessions or no—the medical profession is as adamantly opposed to the legislation as ever. John Alexander McMahon, president of the American Hospital Association, calls the plan "inefficient, unworkable and horribly complex." He argues that hospitals cut the increase in their costs from 15.6% in 1977 to 12.8% last year. The Administration rebuttal is that this is still too high and came about only because of the threat of mandatory limits. The Administration also claims that the national decrease would have been much less if there had not been controls in the nine states.

As congressional hearings on the bill opened last week, Senator Edward Kennedy, who strongly supports the bill, convened his Subcommittee on Health in the unusual setting of an auditorium at Washington's Children's Hospital. After complaining that the setting was pure "show biz," Michael Bromberg, executive director of the Federation of American Hospitals, testified that the bill's triggering level of 9.7% was unrealistically low and warned that the mandatory controls would force hospitals "to reduce the quantity and quality of services they provide." The Administration claims the bill would cut costs but not quality care. Bromberg also argued that it was unfair to single out hospital costs for special controls, since they amounted to only 2% of the Consumer Price Index, compared with the role of food (17.7%) and housing (43.9%).

Carter's bill is sure to meet tough opposition on Capitol Hill from critics who claim it would not only create an entirely new bureaucracy but be dangerous to the health of hospitals. The fate of the legislation may rest on how much heat members of Congress finally feel from their constituents. Opponents are banking on the fact that 92% of the nation's hospital bills are paid by various health care plans, rather than by patients. Yet opinion polls show that Americans rate the high price of health care as one of their top four financial worries, exceeded only by inflation in general, uncontrolled federal spending and unemployment.

Looming over the hospital cost fight is an impending longer-range battle in Congress about increasing the protection against high medical bills through some form of national health insurance. As the medical profession digs in to fight hospital controls, it faces a dilemma. If the campaign succeeds, there is the risk that medical costs will go higher. And that, in turn, could generate more public pressure for a federally controlled health program that the medical profession hates even more. ■



TIME Chart by Roger Hootman

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Poisoned by Plutonium

Was Karen Silkwood a willing or innocent nuclear victim?

The car had careened off a country road in Oklahoma and crumpled against a culvert. Its sole occupant lay dead, surrounded by a litter of papers she had been carrying. Karen Silkwood, 28, a lab technician in a plant producing fuel rods for nuclear reactors, had been driving to meet a New York Times reporter. She hoped to document her charges that officials at the installation, owned by the Kerr-McGee Corp., had continually and carelessly exposed their employees to one of the world's most dangerous metals: plutonium. But after the car was towed from the ditch, the papers could not be found.

Those bare facts seemed suspicious enough in 1974 to touch off a series of newspaper and magazine articles by investigative reporters. The Silkwood case was quickly embraced by environmentalists, nuclear energy foes, feminists and civil libertarians. They saw the Kerr-McGee facility near Crescent, Okla., as an ugly symbol of an industry seeking profits while endangering its employees and nearby communities. Last week, for the first time, the case moved into a public courtroom. Silkwood's family is seeking \$11.5 million in damages from Kerr-McGee for exposing her to dangerous levels of plutonium. Its other aim, as its lawyer put it, is "to stop this conduct by that industry forever."

Unfortunately for those who see the Silkwood saga as a puzzling mystery story, the current trial has been so narrowed that it may not answer some of the most perplexing questions of the case. It will not try to resolve whether Silkwood was so tranquilized by pills to calm a nervous stomach, as Oklahoma state police contend, that she ran off the left side of the highway. It will not decide whether, as a union investigation claims, the fresh marks on her car's rear bumper were evidence that she had been forced off the road. It may not explain why police officials first dispatched their tow-truck operator to the wreckage and then called him back, or why Kerr-McGee personnel were at the scene within minutes, or where the documents went.

Instead, the trial will center on a fact not in dispute: that Silkwood had been exposed to enough plutonium to make her fear that she might be dying. The courtroom clash will come over just how that contamination occurred and whether it meant that the plant was negligent in handling the potent metal, which is used in atomic weapons. Plutonium is considered some 20,000 times more deadly than the venom from a cobra if ingested, and even minute quantities can cause cancer years later. As testimony opened in a federal court in Oklahoma City last week, Dr. John Gofman, a scientist who has done pi-

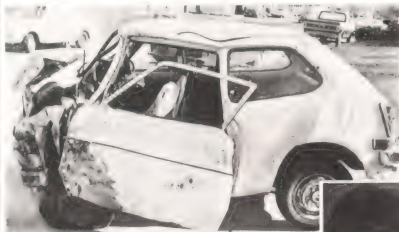
oneering work with plutonium, testified that Silkwood's lungs had contained almost twice as much of the dangerous metal as the amount that can induce cancer. "Anyone exposed to that amount of plutonium is married to lung cancer," he said. "It is then an inevitable process."

Just nine days before her death, Silkwood told company officials she feared she had been contaminated. A check showed that her apartment in Crescent contained fragments of the metal in the bathroom, kitchen and in a bologna-and-cheese sandwich in her refrigerator.

In its defense, Kerr-McGee argued that it had observed safety rules, but that

out of the plant, they will ask the jury, does not that mean that any employee could do so? And would not that prove that the "highest due care" as specified in the negligence statutes, had not been exercised?

The family intends to show that the papers Silkwood was carrying on the night of her death would have demonstrated the company's carelessness. Lawyer Gerald Spence claimed in court that Silkwood wanted to "tell the public" that a startling 40 lbs. of plutonium was missing from the plant. Spence also said she had X rays of fuel rods that had been retouched by the company to conceal faulty seals. Her point: a defective rod could cause a catastrophic accident. The family also intends to call former company employees, including a plant manager, to testify to these and other mishandlings of the fuel. The wit-



Wreckage of the death car after mysterious crash in 1974

"Anyone exposed to that amount is married to lung cancer."

Silkwood had carried small amounts of plutonium out of the plant and had deliberately contaminated herself and her apartment. Why should she act so bizarrely? Defense Attorney William Paul argued last week that she was emotionally unstable and possibly had been affected by the use of tranquilizers. Paul said she had become deeply involved in a bitter fight between her union and the company, and charged that she had set out to prove that the plant was dangerous by making herself seriously ill. She was, he suggested, kinky.

In turn, the family will produce witnesses who will contend that Silkwood had been too horrified by the contamination to have possibly caused it herself. The family concedes that it cannot prove who planted the poison, but suggests that someone was out to scare Silkwood—and had certainly succeeded. The Silkwood lawyers will also try to turn Kerr-McGee's argument against itself. If Silkwood could have slipped lethal quantities of plutoni-

nesses are expected to tell, for example, of the night that workers were dispatched by the company to retrieve dead fish from the nearby Cimarron River in an unsuccessful attempt to conceal the dumping of radioactive wastes into the stream.

Ironically, the Kerr-McGee plant now under legal attack no longer exists. It was closed in 1976, 14 months after Silkwood's death, when Westinghouse, which had been buying its fuel rods, complained of their poor quality and refused to renew its contract. Nevertheless, the entire nuclear power industry, increasingly embroiled in controversy over its handling of radioactive materials, is watching the suit closely. If the judge and jury accept the claims of the company's liability made by the Silkwood lawyers, the case could force the industry to make drastic and costly revisions in its process of producing the highly radioactive metal that is used in breeder reactors.



Silkwood

Outrage in the Station House

Some police strip-search women even for traffic violations

"Jane Doe," as she is called in the suit, was on her way to a friend's house in Chicago one evening last spring to watch *Holocaust* on television. Then she made an illegal left turn that was spotted by police, who turned her evening into a nightmare.

The girl, a local college student, was taken to the police station when arresting officers found that she was not carrying her driver's license. A computer check quickly revealed that she did indeed have a valid license, and she sent a friend who was with her to pick it up at home. But what seemed to be merely an annoying incident took a decidedly ugly turn. According to her lawyer, Jane Doe then went through an embarrassing series of events. She was led into a room by a police matron and ordered to strip.

"Are you sure you have the right person?" she asked. "I'm just here for a traffic ticket."

The matron replied that there was no mistake. "Pull down your pants, squat three times, and spread your vagina," she ordered. When the girl's disbelief turned to defiance, the matron calmly warned: "If you don't cooperate, six guys will come in and do it for me." The matron first probed the girl's anus and then, without washing or using sanitary gloves, examined her vagina. The girl's humiliation was increased when she noticed several video cameras in the room, part of a closed-circuit security system with monitors at the desk in the building's public lobby. (The police say the cameras were not working at the time.) At the end of the search she was released on bond and all charges against her subsequently dropped.

The police, in Chicago and elsewhere, say that thorough searches are often necessary in order to find weapons, drugs or dangerous objects a suspect may be hiding. But those who have gone through the experience for such things as traffic violations strongly disagree. With the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, 50 Jane Does with similar experiences filed a class-action suit this month asking the U.S. district court to restrict Chicago police from conducting strip-searches of women accused of nothing more serious than misdemeanors and traffic violations. A warrant would have to be obtained for such a search and any cavity searches would have to be done by a physician. The suit also asks \$125,000 in damages for each victim. If the suit is successful, a large number of women may demand payment. The A.C.L.U. estimates that as many as 10,000 may have been

strip-searched in Chicago when apprehended for minor violations. Indeed, Chicago Precinct Captain William Connolly admits that the treatment given the Jane Doe who made the illegal turn represents "no apparent violation of long-established department directives."

Usually only women are strip-searched in Chicago; men are generally given a pat-down while clothed. Says A.C.L.U. Attorney Lois Lipton: "This practice cut across racial lines, ethnic lines,



Trish Herrera, who is suing Houston police

"It was humiliating. I kept thinking, 'This is crazy.'"

age lines, religious lines. The only thing these women had in common was that they were women." In fact, one female plaintiff was at the police station accompanying a male friend who had been arrested. Although she was never charged with a crime, she was stripped and searched. He was not.

Chicago may be the worst example of the arbitrary strip-searching of women, but the practice has humiliated women in other cities. Houston, for example, has also had many complaints. Trish Herrera, 25, is bringing suit for a yet undetermined amount against the police for strip-searching her after she was arrested for not using a blinker while changing lanes, a charge that later was dropped. Says she: "It was humiliating. I just kept thinking, 'This is crazy.' It really was a degrading

thing to have happen. It was sort of like being molested. At least the suit will scare them so that they won't do this to others." Says an A.C.L.U. official in Houston: "We have had many such complaints, including one from a girl who was internally searched by a matron so roughly that she began to bleed."

Even civil libertarians admit that strip-searching of women, as well as men, is usually appropriate if an apprehended person is to be held in jail. "As a reasonable person," says Richard Emery of the New York Civil Liberties Union, "I can't contend that it is always unnecessary in a jail context." Says Kitty Witter, a supervisor in the women's section of San Francisco's county jail: "It's deemed to have to go through it and offensive to have to be the one doing it. But it's also offensive to have people taking drugs and weapons in." For example, police in the Miami area report they recently found a wad of money and a syringe in body orifices of suspects.

But automatically stripping a woman in the station house just because she committed a traffic offense is an altogether different matter. "There's no need to strip-search anyone unless that person is going to be locked up," says Philip Parenti, an assistant U.S. Attorney in Chicago. He is heading an investigation into the practice, looking for possible criminal violations by Chicago police, but so far has found none. Parenti is still deciding whether to join the A.C.L.U. suit, a step that could eventually force the police to change their practices or lose federal funds.

Gradually courts and top law-enforcement officials in various cities have been spelling out procedures that police must follow while searching a woman. Some are more strict than others. Chicago's regulations have been tightened somewhat since the suit. In California, no woman can be searched unless she is going to be held in a jail. What is more, the state has detailed regulations to guard against the casual jailing of a person for a misdemeanor. Washington, D.C., forbids searching unless police "have a reasonable belief that contraband or a weapon is present but not discoverable by means of a regular search." Even then, no "body cavity" searches are permitted, except by medical personnel in a hospital.

The capital's rules were set up in the aftermath of a class-action suit filed by the A.C.L.U. in 1975. An out-of-court settlement was reached, with each plaintiff getting \$3,000 in damages. The case seems to have had a beneficial result, not only in Washington but in surrounding areas. Since it was settled, the local offices of the A.C.L.U. have not received a single complaint about an improper body search by local police.



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* Compare this estimate to the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and distance. The actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. *Based on EPA Volume Index.

The Flick of Violence

A gang film called *The Warriors* attracts off-screen rumbles

Starting from the poster, they looked like a nightmare of what might be, that terrifying day when the street gangs take over the city, any city. Some of them wore leather vests over bare chests. Others had on Arab headdresses. A few, their faces painted harlequin colors, wore baseball uniforms and carried bats. Massed as far as the eye could see, all looked menacing, and the threat was underscored by the text above the picture: "These are the Armies of the Night. They are 100,000 strong. They outnumber the cops five to one. They could run New York City. Tonight they're all out to get the Warriors."

That Paramount ad was chillingly effective, bringing into 670 theaters around the country thousands of youths keen to see *The Warriors*—and eager for trouble. Since the film opened on Feb. 9, three young men have been killed by *Warrior*-inspired fights, and other brawls have broken out at moviehouses in several cities. More than half a dozen theaters have dropped the film entirely; others are hiring some muscle of their own, which Paramount will pay for. In Washington, D.C., two full-time guards were on duty last week at the Town Downtown and will stay there until *The Warriors* finishes its run. Not since Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* opened in 1971 has a movie generated such anxiety about the seeming power of a film to engender gang violence in those who see it.

The first killing occurred on Feb. 12 at a drive-in showing the movie in Palm Springs, Calif. During an intermission a white girl drew comment from blacks belonging to a youth gang called the Blue Coats. Their white counterparts, the Family, came to her rescue. In the shooting that followed, one of the Family, Marvin Kenneth Eller, 19, was killed by a 22-cal. bullet. Another racial incident took place the following night in Oxnard, Calif., a town of farm workers 40 miles from Los Angeles. A scuffle broke out in a theater lobby after the first showing of *The Warriors*, and Timothy Gitchel, 18, white, was stabbed to death by a black youth.

The third killing, in Boston on Feb. 15, was not a racial clash. Returning from the movie, several members of a white Dor-

chester gang apparently got into an argument with Marty Yakubowicz, 16. Someone yelled, "I want you!"—a line from the script—and Yakubowicz was attacked with a knife. He died six hours later.

The Warriors' sin may lie not in its content so much as in the way it attracts crowds like a lightning rod. It is not par-



Actor Michael Beck as a street fighter



The Paramount poster that pulled in an audience all too eager for trouble. Even *The Sound of Music* would have touched off an explosion

ticularly violent, and what violence there is is curiously abstract and unemotional. More gore can often be seen on the television screen, and any number of films—*Marathon Man*, *Death Wish*, just about any Peckinpah film and certainly *A Clockwork Orange*—have contained far more stomach-churning brutality. Indeed, *The Warriors'* director, Walter Hill, goes out of his way to expunge any feeling of genuine menace or racial animosity. The gang called the Warriors is integrated; there are no scenes of sexual assault, so typical of this kind of film, and there is no attempt to scorn or bait the white middle class.

As the picture opens, all the gangs of New York City have gathered in convention at a park in The Bronx, where they plot to take over the town, borough by borough. If they cooperate, instead of fighting one another, says Cyrus (Roger Hill), the Jim Jones-like figure who has brought them together, they can do whatever they want. Before he can go much further, however, Cyrus is assassinated, and the Warriors, who have come up to the meeting from Brooklyn, are wrongly blamed for his death. With that, all the assembled gangs, not to mention the police, are after them, and the Warriors have to fight them off before they can reach the safety of their far-off home, the sands of Coney Island.

Why has a movie like this caused such trouble? One reason may be, of course, that it is so stylized. Violence in films and TV has become so common that most audiences are inured to it. Hill's rendering may strike the deeper chords of instinct; the film does set audiences cheering in

sympathy for the Warriors' run for freedom. Another explanation, however, is that the original ad, which Paramount has withdrawn, simply brought all the toughs in town to one spot, and trouble was sure to come with them. "If you bring that sort of crowd into the moviehouse," says one Paramount executive, "you will have the same trouble with *The Sound of Music*."

If so, more may be on the way. *The Warriors* is only the first of a series of gang movies soon to be released or made. The furor over *The Warriors* has made everyone in Hollywood a little nervous. But it cost less than \$6 million, and its receipts, \$14.6 million so far, are likely to drown any second thoughts about releasing the rest of the gang films.

World

IRAN

"You Are Weak, Mister"

Khomeini raps his Prime Minister and riles his country's women

Only a month ago Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini had lavishly praised Mehdi Bazargan, his choice as the first Prime Minister of postrevolutionary Iran, for his "confidence in the holy writ of Islam" and his "past record in the national and Islamic struggle." By last week, the 78-year-old Shi'ite leader's view had changed sharply. Speaking to theological students at his headquarters in the holy city of Qum, he rapped his slightly younger (71) appointee. "You are weak, mister," he thundered. He also lambasted Bazargan's 17-member Cabinet as "weak characters" who believe that "everything should be copied from the West." Under Bazargan, Khomeini scoffed, "the nation lives in caves and nothing has changed." To make the revolution a reality, "carpets, furniture, Western trappings" must all be removed from the government.

Among the more vulnerable items was clearly Bazargan, the gentle, democratic-minded engineer-politician who had been the chief adviser on oil matters to Iran's last revolutionary leader, Mohammed Mossadegh. Stung by Khomeini's diatribe, Bazargan went to Qum with an offer to resign. After some deliberation, Khomeini refused the resignation and pledged greater support for the government. But if that promise was not kept and Bazargan were to quit, authority in Iran would apparently rest solely with the Komiteh, the mullahs and other fervent Shi'ites whose grab for power has literally pulled the Persian rug out from under Bazargan's regime.

Last week Islamic Revolutionary Courts, controlled by the Komiteh, tightened their grip on Iran's legal system, for the first time executing persons charged with nonpolitical offenses. In public trials that are expected to replace the widely protested late-night secret tribunals, the



"Seat of Power"

courts punished rapists, thieves and adulterers, as well as more of the SAVAK agents, police and army officers who have been their chief targets. In Tehran, four men convicted of raping an 18-year-old male university student were executed; unaccountably, the victim was given 13 lashes. In Jamshid Abad, near the Caspian coast, a married woman and her lover were whipped in the square for adultery (he got 80 lashes, she 40).

No sector of Iran's society is untouched by the Ayatullah's dictates. Mohammed Ali Mohlavi, governor of the central bank, announced that he would look into setting up an Islamic banking structure in which no interest would be charged on loans. Most hotels and restaurants began to conform with a prohibition on alcoholic beverages. X-rated films disappeared from cinemas, and television programs like *The Six Million Dol-*

lar Man will no longer be broadcast. A mutton shortage loomed as a result of the Ayatullah's ban on meat imported from Australia and New Zealand. Because the importers could not prove that the sheep had been slaughtered according to Muslim standards, he declared the meat to be "unclean and forbidden."

With the March 30 referendum on the creation of an Islamic republic drawing near, the Ayatullah has rejected the proposed constitution written by a group of lawyers at Bazargan's request. He prefers the strongly Islamic draft constitution put together by a group of his aides. The task of reconciling the two documents has fallen to Interior Minister Haj-Sayed-Javadi. His biggest problem areas: the role of the Iranian parliament and the status of women. While the lawyers proposed that the parliament have full legislative powers, Khomeini at first favored merely an advisory role; he now appears to be reconsidering, however, and the lawyers may well get their way.

The women's issue is even tougher. Many Iranian women are furious over the Ayatullah's attempt to impose a subservient role on females. Last week, after Khomeini was quoted as proclaiming that "women must not come naked into ministries," thousands of women, many dressed defiantly in tight jeans and skirts, paraded in Tehran in protest. Orthodox Islamic men attacked the demonstrators, and though guerrillas protecting the women fired warning shots, the zealots stabbed one woman and injured others.

The slogans the women shouted were telling: "Down with Khomeini," "We shall fight the veil," "In the dawn of freedom, there is an absence of freedom." "We fought for freedom with the men," one woman explained. "None of us knew freedom would come with chains." Political fashions were changing fast: many

Revolutionary justice expands beyond political crimes: men convicted on charges of homosexual rape about to be executed by firing squad





Now a demonstration against the new rulers: women marching in downtown Tehran last week to protest course of revolution

of the women now denouncing the veil as a mark of repression gladly wore the all-covering *chador* as an anti-Shah symbol during the revolution.

On the twelfth anniversary of the death of Mossadegh, the nationalist Prime Minister who forced the Shah to briefly flee Iran before being toppled by a CIA-assisted coup in 1953, a crowd including many Khomeini critics gathered in Ahmadiyeh (pop. 800), 60 miles northwest of Tehran. At a rally outside the brown brick house where Mossadegh is buried, his grandson-in-law, Dr. Hedayatollah Matine-Daftary, called for the creation of a National Democratic Front. Its program: a referendum to abolish the monarchy followed by an extended debate on the new constitution. Matine-Daftary also favors home rule for ethnic minorities like the Kurds, the abolition of censorship and worker control of factories. Says he: "In front of us is nothing but light. If a nation can express its thoughts freely, then we shall progress."

But the Komiteh has no intention of relaxing its grip on Iran. In an interview with *TIME* Tehran Bureau Chief Bruce van Voorst, Mohammed Reza Mahdavi Kani, a Khomeini aide who calls himself "the Ayatullah's man for Komiteh activities," outlined a plan that would make the group and some of its 1,500 or so replicas across the country permanent features of Iran's government. In Tabriz, Abadan, and other places, local komitehs have already begun rendering decisions on everything from whether brothels can reopen (answer: no) to the prices grocery shops can

charge. Kani, who operates out of a makeshift office in Tehran's parliament building, says that the authority of this parallel administration will now be consolidated by "drastically cutting" the number of local groups and by bringing the rest under the direct control of the central Komiteh in Tehran. The Komiteh will also foster "understanding of the Islamic revolutionary objectives" by propagandizing through television and radio programs, recorded cassettes and a newspaper.

The Komiteh's militia, the so-called Islamic Guard, will be melded into a secular national guard commanded by a council headed by Deputy Prime Minister Ibrahim Yazdi. Khomeini's most ardent backer in the Bazargan government.



A weary Mehdi Bazargan
Stung by the Ayatullah's diatribe

But the Komiteh's main concerns, as Kani sees it, will remain "security and the arrest of holdovers from the former regime." Such seizures have been authorized by a Khomeini-appointed revolutionary prosecutor. The ultimate power, however, lies with the shadowy Islamic Revolutionary Council, whose membership has never been divulged; Kani refers to it as "the acting parliament in the absence of a parliament."

Though Kani maintains that the Komiteh will eventually turn over most of its authority to an elected government and assume an "oversight" role, he made clear that any new regime would have to kowtow to the Komiteh's commands. If not, he said, "we will do what we did before." Did that mean that the Komiteh would go on ruling Iran in the Council's name? Kani's reply: "Of course."

The religious leaders' hardening determination to reign—and the spreading uneasiness about this among their erstwhile allies against the Shah—promises trouble. One respected Iranian political analyst, Fariborz Atapour, has forecast that a civil war will begin within two weeks. Writing in the daily *Tehran Journal*, he complained, "We know that a new constitution is about to be imposed on us, but since we do not know what it contains we cannot contest it. We can merely protest against the undemocratic way that the entire revolutionary aftermath is being handled." Given the theocratic rule now taking shape in Iran, Atapour may have taken a big risk by publishing that lament. Events in Iran last week made it clear that his prediction could turn out to be right. ■

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World

Shah's Dilemma

Wanted: retirement home

Still pursuing the top figures on its long enemies list, the Tehran regime announced last week that the deposed Shah and other members of the Pahlavi family would soon be tried by an Islamic Revolutionary Court for treason, corruption and illegal transfer of funds abroad. The possible trial site: a sports hall in the Iranian capital that, with a capacity of 12,000, would be ideal for a classic show of revolutionary justice.

The Shah is not likely to appear. Since late January, he and Empress Farah have been guests of Morocco's King Hassan II at a heavily guarded palace outside Rabat. Iran's new rulers evidently intend the trial to establish the Shah as not a political exile but a criminal fugitive. That could enable the regime to seize the Pahlavi family's foreign financial holdings and discourage other states from giving refuge to the Shah. Iran's Foreign Minister Karim Sanjabi has warned that any country that grants asylum to the Shah "under any pretext" can expect a "negative effect" on its relations with Iran.

The Pahlavis have prior experience with exile, of course. After Reza Shah, the present Shah's father, was exiled in 1941, he found refuge in South Africa, where he died in Johannesburg at age 66. Now it is like father, like son. Doors everywhere have slammed shut. Spain and Austria do not want the Shah. West Germany and France, both of which are big buyers of Iranian oil, make clear that he would not be welcome, while Britain, where the family owns a 166-acre estate outside London, is distinctly cool to his living there. Even Switzerland, the Shah's favorite vacation retreat, where he has extensive bank accounts and major property holdings including a villa near Saint-Moritz, acknowledges that a visit by the Shah would require prior Cabinet approval.

The Iranians have been pressing Morocco to return the Shah to Tehran, and while Hassan has refused to do so, the time may come when the Shah will decide he has to go elsewhere to avoid creating problems for his host. But so far, only two countries have offered the Shah a welcome: the U.S., which the Shah avoided at first but now says he "perhaps" will visit; and Egypt, where the Shah's old friend Anwar Sadat welcomed him when he left Tehran. Cairo's Kubbeh Palace, where President and Mrs. Carter stayed last week, is being readied for the Shah, should he decide to go there. If he does, the Egyptians will be prepared for a mighty squabble with Tehran. Egyptian officials are already pointing out that acceptance of an exile is rooted in Islam. Asked one of them last week: "Is not this the foundation on which Khomeini's revolution stands?" ■



Withdrawing Chinese unit being welcomed back on home territory after drive into Viet Nam

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Windup of a No-Win War

Hollow claims of triumph as China pulls back from Viet Nam

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;

"But 'twas a famous victory."

—Robert Southey, The Battle of Blenheim

The China-Viet Nam War wilted like a frostbitten blossom last week. China's 100,000 or so infantry and armored troops arrested their languid advance 15 to 20 miles inside the Viet Nam border, wheeled, and began a gradual, piecemeal withdrawal. Vietnamese artillery and front-line units of the 70,000-man-strong border defense force put on a show of hot pursuit but coolly refrained from any real, obstructive attack. Judging from the ferocity of each side's victory claims, it seemed safe to conclude that neither side had won—or lost.

"An important victory," crowed Peking, proclaiming that "the Chinese armed forces exploded the myth of invincibility of the Asian Cuba," and thus also "dealt a telling blow to the Soviet Union's scheme of expansion in Southeast Asia."

"A splendid victory," cried Hanoi, claiming that the "badly defeated" Chinese troops had been forced into a humiliating retreat by "a vigorous retaliatory blow from our army and our people."

China warned that it "reserved the right" to strike back at any recurring border provocations, while Viet Nam said that it would "severely punish" continued "barbarous acts of war" by the withdrawing Chinese. Indeed, there was the possibility that the fighting could start up again in earnest at any time, but as both

sides grudgingly announced a conditional willingness to negotiate, the menace of a wider, Sino-Soviet conflict appeared remote. Dropping its warnings of retaliation against China, the Soviet Union smugly noted that Peking appeared to have "sobered up," and congratulated itself on the restraint that had foiled China's "perfidious design" of "instigating a clash between our country and the United States."

It was almost as difficult to discern the battle lines of disengagement as it was to determine what, if anything, the three-week war had accomplished. Most of the fighting took place around Lang Son, a provincial capital twelve miles south of Friendship Pass on Highway 1 leading to Hanoi. The Chinese claimed the city's capture during their initial drive; the Vietnamese never conceded it. More likely, the blitzed city belonged to neither. One almost comic-opera theory was that at some point a Chinese unit had rushed in just long enough to hoist a flag, then hurried out again to avoid entrapment by Vietnamese in the surrounding hills.

Hanoi did not challenge China's claim to have occupied Lao Cai, a rail junction on the Red River in northwest Hoang Lien Son province. There, according to a Peking dispatch, troops of the People's Liberation Army uncovered stores of Chinese-made weapons and ammunition supplied to the Vietnamese for General Vo Nguyen Giap's war against the U.S. The stores included "soap and towels marked PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA and bicycles made in Shanghai."

Official casualty figures, Western observers believe, were as fictive as the rhet-

World

oric of triumph. Viet Nam boasted that it had "put out of action 45,000 enemy troops, knocked out 273 tanks and armored personnel carriers, and hit hundreds of artillery pieces and mortars." More realistically, perhaps, China claimed to have killed or wounded 10,000 Vietnamese and taken 1,000 prisoner.

China clearly had not won a decisive military victory that would have achieved the stated goals of the invasion: to "punish" the Vietnamese and to discourage them from future border harassments. As military operations go, the invasion was something of a botch. It had been telegraphed in advance, and had thereby robbed the Chinese army of the element of surprise. The Vietnamese were able to keep their regular army units out of action as the Chinese launched "human wave" charges in their assault across the border and early in the fighting even employed horseback troops with tootling buglers. Last week there were Washington reports that Viet Nam was finally being forced to recall some of its units from Cambodia. That suggested a possible Chinese success in drawing support away from the Viet Nam-backed government



Viet Nam's Premier Dong and General Giap wear victory smiles

For all China's braggadocio, the invasion was something of a botch.

of Heng Samrin, which has been under increasing pressure from insurgent forces loyal to China's client, defeated Premier Pol Pot.

Even if the Chinese armies return home without further incident, the war will not be quite over. As it was, Viet Nam accused the Chinese of leaving a scorched earth behind them, with "plundering, bombing of people's homes and wanton shelling." China did not deny that its

troops were rooting out military installations and blowing up bridges and railroads as they withdrew, in order to sanitize the border against future Vietnamese mischief. Peking also hinted that it might send back some troops in several disputed border enclaves—an affront to Hanoi's delicate sensibilities. Although the Vietnamese escaped punishment, Premier Pham Van Dong is unlikely to forget the humiliation of the invasion, and might launch a few guerrilla forays of his own across the frontier with China. There are also potential domestic implications for the People's Republic. The inconclusive outcome of the war may have hurt the prestige of Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, who is chief of staff of the P.L.A. More than anyone else in the Politburo, Teng has been personally identified with the invasion. If it should be perceived as a flop in the future, opponents could conceivably use it against him, much as the Cuban missile crisis was used against Khrushchev. Some diplomats noted that last week another, lesser known Vice Premier, Li Hsien-nien, had assumed an expanded role as Peking's spokesman on the war.

Through a Glass, Darkly

Journalists and diplomats trying to make sense of it were already calling China's invasion of Viet Nam the "Great Inscrutable War." All things considered, it was probably the most bedeviling and worst-reported major conflict in recent history. The result: misinformation (mostly on casualty figures), unbridled speculation and wild surmise. Items:

- On the third day of the invasion, it was falsely reported that the Chinese forces were already preparing to pull back.
- On the sixth day, Chinese troops were erroneously said to have captured the key provincial capital of Lang Son.
- On the seventh day, reports from Bangkok said that China had launched a series of air strikes against military depots near Haiphong, where Soviet ships were unloading supplies. Officials in Peking and Washington discredited the report within hours, but not before it had hit front pages around the world and had thus been woven whole cloth into the war's tapestry of mystification and misinformation.

No Western newsmen were allowed to the war zone from the Chinese side, and only a very few approached it through Viet Nam. Only two U.S. news organizations, United Press International and CBS-TV, managed to get near the front for a short time. They accompanied U.S. Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman on an escorted excursion from Hanoi to Lang Son, and disproved the report that it had fallen to the Chinese.

Otherwise, diplomats and news agencies were largely dependent on the self-serving communiqués issued by Hanoi radio and the official Vietnamese party newspaper *Nhan Dan*, on the one hand, and the official Chinese news agency, Hsinhua, on the other. Hsinhua was particularly par-

simonious, limiting itself mostly to unenlightening announcements that "fighting was continuing." Consequently, most information and judgments came from other Asian capitals far from the front and from Washington, which provided bird's-eye data gleaned by reconnaissance satellites.

Tokyo was a fertile source, thanks to fiercely competitive Japanese correspondents based in Peking and Hanoi, including those of Communist organs favored by the regimes. Isao Takano, 35, Hanoi correspondent for Japan's Communist daily *Akahaia*, became the war's first press casualty last week when he was killed by a Chinese sniper's bullet at Lang Son. The Kyodo news agency first reported the original invasion. Tokyo's military sources also proved useful in tracing Soviet naval movements in the area.

Thailand's capital, Bangkok, offered another neutral port for viewing the war—from 700 miles away. In the tradition of Lisbon in World War II and Beirut through the course of Middle East conflicts, Bangkok is a marketplace of intelligence and Asia's foremost rumor mill. In hopes of assembling a credible montage, diplomats and newsmen sifted through a cacophony of refugee reports, propaganda releases and tidbits of hearsay from stateless businessmen and drifters. The results were sometimes useful, but often not. Besides the Haiphong bombing, Bangkok "sources" served up the war's next most misleading report: the withdrawal of China's troops on Feb. 19 after just three days of war—and 14 days before it actually happened.

After three weeks, the distant war seemed all the more remote for being seen only through a frosted glass of frustration, darkly. Said Richard C. Wald, senior vice president of ABC News: "We are sort of left waiting for a Richard Harding Davis to emerge a couple of months from now and tell us what happened."

RHODESIA

Preparing to Live with History

Beginning the countdown to a fateful election

You should have no fear. Our security forces will protect you before, during and after you have voted

With that grim radio appeal to Rhodesia's 2.8 million black voters, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, one of the three black moderate leaders of the country's interim government, focused on the regime's most immediate problem. That problem is how, in a country torn by guerrilla war, to get a convincing number of blacks to turn out for the April 12 to 24 election period, which is intended to establish Salisbury's version of black majority rule.

Muzorewa and his two black associates, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and Tribal Chief Jeremiah Chirau, need a large voter turnout in order to lend credibility to the election. Along with their white colleague, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, architect of the country's "internal settlement," they are anxious to counter the intense resistance to the poll being mounted by more than 10,500 guerrillas of the Patriotic Front.

Two weeks ago, the white-dominated, 66-seat Parliament that had been a symbol of minority rule for years closed for the last time. If all proceeds as planned, next month's election will return a new, 100-member Assembly that will have 72 black and 28 white members. Though Smith will run for a seat and hopes for a Cabinet post, the next Prime Minister of Zimbabwe Rhodesia, as the country is to be known, will almost certainly be Muzorewa, who leads the largest of the black nationalist parties. Even so, only South Africa has agreed to recognize the majority regime after the April vote. Neither the U.S. nor Britain is likely to support the new entity.

In Washington last week Assistant Secretary of State Richard Moose explained the Administration's position to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in response to a proposal by two Senators that the U.S. send observers to monitor the Rhodesian vote. Moose said that the U.S. opposed the election because the Patriotic Front was excluded from it and the new government might not be supported by black Rhodesians or international opinion. In fact, under the new constitution, whites will still dominate the army, judiciary and civil service. Moose feared that the election might lead to an escalation of the guerrilla war and direct involvement by "outside powers," meaning Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Ironically, the war has expanded since the internal settlement was signed in March 1978. At that time Smith's black nationalist colleagues promised that it would end within weeks. Military and civilian casualties have mounted from 13 a day then to nearly 50 a day now. Last

week, for the first time, a park area in Salisbury itself was under a dusk-to-dawn curfew. In the eastern highlands on the Mozambique border, fleeing white farmers have abandoned some 160,000 acres of farm land, or about 10% of the acreage under cultivation; the 6,500 who remain tend their acres from within fortress-like arrays of fences, and travel through the bush in vehicles built to withstand mine explosions. Increasingly, the Rhodesian military has resorted to sending its jets on bombing raids on guerrilla camps in Zambia and Angola. Last week one such raid into Angola, according to the Patriotic Front, killed 192 and wounded nearly 1,000 guerrillas and civilians.



Rhodesian nationalist Bishop Abel Muzorewa meeting with supporters in Salisbury

Still living in cloud-cuckoo-land, but with new determination about politics and survival

Rhodesian officials claim that their troops can prevent the guerrillas from seriously threatening the government for a long time. They say that the guerrillas lack adequate arms and food inside Rhodesia and suffer from the harassing tactics of black antiguerrilla "auxiliary armies" recruited by Muzorewa and Sithole. Another factor is the growing rivalry between the two Patriotic Front leaders, Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe.

Still, the problems that the Patriotic Front faces are minor compared with Salisbury's plight. The war, which is costing the government more than \$1 million a day, has bled the country's once healthy treasury and devastated the countryside. The white population, now down to 240,000, continues to shrink at the rate of 1,000 a month, as more settlers pack up and leave. Virtually ruined is Rhode-

sia's tourist industry, as a result of the shooting down of two Viscount airliners within six months by SA-7 missiles.

In the face of such perils, Rhodesia's black nationalists and whites find themselves drawing closer together. A prominent white leader in Salisbury told TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter that most remaining whites were still living in "cloud-cuckoo-land," but that they had at last begun to focus on politics and survival. Finally, he said, the whites "have reached a situation where they have got to find a way to make this country work." To ensure maximum security, a general mobilization of white military-age Rhodesian men (18-60) has been announced for the period April 12 to 24. Voting booths will be airlifted by helicopter out to remote areas.

Smith aims to get at least 50% of the eligible blacks to vote. He evidently wants to point to a substantial turnout as proof

that the new government is no sham. This, he reckons, might make it harder for Washington and London to continue to withhold recognition and maintain economic sanctions against the regime.

Smith also says that he is ready to discuss Rhodesia's future at an all-party conference even if it means calling off the April election. That is a safe offer, since both Nkomo and Mugabe have already refused to take part in such a meeting. But to TIME's McWhirter, Smith insisted: "If the British and American governments suddenly jumped out of bed today or tomorrow and said 'Stop it! Stop it! We'll call a conference,' then maybe something could be done. But now time is running out and we will soon come to a stage where there is no going back, when you've just got to live with history." For both blacks and whites in Rhodesia, that cohabitation is likely to be turbulent. ■

World

WEST GERMANY

Unpopular Vote

The making of a President

West Germany's President is largely a ceremonial figure. During his five-year term, he is preoccupied with making speeches and state visits, signing treaties, handing out pardons and greeting other heads of state. Though the next presidential election is still more than two months away, the outcome may already have been decided—against the wishes, it appears, of a large majority of West Germans.

When the conservative Christian Democrats (C.D.U.) and Christian Social Unionists (C.S.U.) named Bundestag Speaker Karl Carstens as their presidential candidate last week, the popular incumbent, Walter Scheel, announced that he would not run again, thus virtually assuring Carstens' election on May 23. Under the constitution, the President is not chosen by popular vote, but by a special federal assembly composed of the 518 members of the Bundestag and 518 representatives elected by the ten state governments. While a coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats rules in Bonn, the C.D.U. and C.S.U. control the presidential electoral assembly, 531 to 505.

During his term, Scheel, a former leader of the Free Democrats and an able Foreign Minister in the early 1970s, won wide admiration for his poise: a recent poll showed that 77% of the electorate wanted him to serve a second term. But when Scheel realized that the electoral assembly was stacked against him, he declined to stand again. Last-minute efforts by the ruling coalition to dissuade the C.D.U. and the C.S.U. from nominating Carstens failed—despite earlier disclosures that he had been a member of the Nazi Party. Carstens, 64, admitted that he had joined the party in 1940 so that he could pursue his legal studies. In any case, he had been cleared by the Allies' postwar de-Nazification process. His backers pointed out that Scheel had also been in the party during World War II.

Potentially more damaging were allegations that as state secretary in the chancellery of the Kiesinger government in the late '60s, Carstens had approved illicit arms sales by West Germany to unnamed countries in Third World "tension areas." In testimony before a Bundestag committee in 1974, Carstens claimed total ignorance of any illegal arms deals.

Foremost among the critics of Carstens' candidacy is Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who has never disguised his dislike for the Speaker. Carstens' election would be "unfortunate," snapped Schmidt. "He is a politician of the extreme right in the democratic spectrum." Yet, unless Schmidt's coalition produces a candidate—Carstens will become West Germany's new head of state in May. ■



One of the parcel's treasures: abbey established by St. Columba in the 6th century

BRITAIN

Island for Sale

\$2 million might get you Iona

Scotland's Western Isles are a striking blend of savage shores and pastoral serenity, made famous in music by Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture. If Mendelssohn were alive, he might now compose a *Hebrides* dirge.

Of the hundreds of Western Isles, few are as precious to Scots as tiny Iona (pop. 90), where many kings of Scotland are buried and where St. Columba landed in the 6th century, bringing Christianity and the Irish art of whisky distilling. In 1693 the powerful Campbells of Argyll received the 4½-sq.-mi. island as a gift from the Crown and have watched over it ever since. But from Inveraray Castle, ancestral home of the Dukes of Argyll, came word last week that Iona will be sold to raise money for taxes. The announcement touched off concern among Scots who fear that uncaring foreigners might buy the island or that developers might transform its 2,000 acres of windswept pastures into a tacky tourist mecca.

Ian Campbell, 41, who is both the twelfth Duke of Argyll and Chief of the Clan Campbell, says he is surprised how "darned fast" the news of the sale got around and

claims a dozen offers "from all over the world." Campbell is selling the island because he owes the government \$1 million, the result of estate duties incurred on the death of his father in 1973. He says he shares his countrymen's concern for Iona's future and would prefer to turn it over to the National Trust of Scotland, which would ensure the preservation of its historic sites and natural beauty. But he concedes that he will have to consider selling it to a private developer if the government does not offer him what he considers a proper price; that is likely to be in the \$2 million area.

With Scottish pride still bruised following the inconclusive "devolution" referendum to give the region more autonomy, Scotsmen were rallying to save little Iona: Scottish Nationalist M.P. Iain McCormick, representing Argyll, called for the government to buy it. Commented one writer to an Edinburgh newspaper: "To allow such places to pass into alien or developing hands would indeed confirm the death of a nation's soul." ■



Houses on the coast. Above: Ian Campbell, chief of the clan and twelfth Duke of Argyll

Fears of a tacky tourist mecca where Christianity arrived in Scotland.

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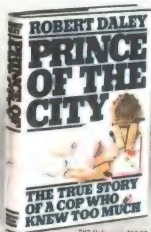
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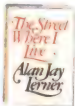
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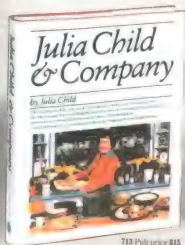


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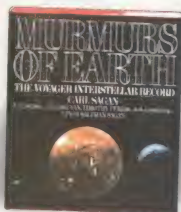


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Education

Fair Radcliffe at One Hundred

After a century of progress she is, and is not, Harvard

The world knows next to nothing about the mental capacities of the female sex," said Harvard President Charles Eliot in 1869. That was ten years before Radcliffe College set up shop for the first time, a stone's throw from Harvard Square. Harvard Medical School Professor Edward Clarke proved how right Eliot was by warning, in *Sex in Education*, a treatise typical of the time, that women, endowed by nature with smaller brains and more delicate physiques than men, could be seriously injured if exposed to the stress of higher education.

While Radcliffe College was celebrating its hundredth anniversary, its sixth president, Psychologist Matina Horner, 39, cited these observations as a low-water mark against which to measure Radcliffe's 100-year drive toward equality with Harvard. "The intriguing thing," says Horner, "is that we have been working out at the institutional level the very things that men and women are facing today in their relationships, such as power and control, autonomy and commitment, the clashing of priorities, and self-esteem."

With no faculty of its own, Radcliffe was from the start a slightly anomalous appendage to Harvard, a few rented classrooms that offered extra dollars to Crimison faculty members who chose to come and lecture to the ladies. The school was chartered to offer women "equal access" to a Harvard education, but not until 1943 did Harvard, its enrollment reduced by the war, let most Radcliffe women into its classes. Harvard's undergraduate library remained closed to Cliffies until 1967: the first joint commencement of men and women was held in 1970. Declaring that "there is not enough trust, not enough respect" between the two colleges, Horner's predecessor, Biologist Mary Bunting, resigned her post in 1972. By then Radcliffe had moved to the brink of merger with Harvard by agreeing that Harvard would manage Radcliffe's income, while in return Radcliffe's president would be granted the ex officio title of a Harvard dean. Student housing in both schools was to be integrated.

Then, as now, Radcliffe regularly drew top-flight applicants. But when Horner took office in 1972, admissions policy was one important bone of contention. Though Harvard had reluctantly agreed



Harvard's president Eliot in 1890

to lower the percentage of men in its student body from 80% to about 70%, that was still short of "equality." Many people doubted that Radcliffe's young, soft-spoken new president would win further concessions, especially since Harvard's old guard feared that alumni donations would drop if more women replaced Harvard's sons. "I listened to the arguments very carefully," Horner recalls, "and finally said how in-

teresting it was that all the evidence seemed to show that Harvard alumni had only male children."

Horner's barb, gently and cheerily spoken, had a telling point. In 1975 the admissions offices combined, and the two schools declared "there are no longer any limits on the number of women students who can be admitted." (The freshman class is now 65% men, 35% women.)

Was Radcliffe becoming Harvard? Significantly, Horner last year dropped the title of Harvard dean on grounds that it was "too confusing." She also reclaimed control of Radcliffe's finances (though students pay tuition direct to Harvard) and negotiated a joint-policy declaration. Its point: "Radcliffe will continue as an independent institution," with full "rights and privileges" of Harvard enrollment for all Radcliffe students. "The trend while we were having our discussions was toward coeducation," Horner says, recalling the rush of women's colleges either to take

men students or merge with male institutions. Instead, she opted for at least titular dual citizenship. Says Horner, "A student can say she goes to Radcliffe, or Harvard, or both... without the need to defend herself against being labeled a feminist or a 'Cliffie' by neutering herself into a Harvard 'person'."

The distinction may not be as real to Radcliffe undergraduates, who by and large think of themselves as Harvard students, as it is to President Horner, who is concerned about a larger role for Radcliffe in the education of women generally. Appalled by the scarcity of women among Harvard's tenured faculty, she has used Radcliffe's independent existence to encourage opportunities for junior faculty women and has established the Radcliffe Biography Series, a special book-publishing program. One of its first titles, Robert and Jane Coles' *Women of Crisis*, became a bestseller last year.

Horner's own research studies documented a widespread "fear of success" among talented women more than a decade ago. But now that the idea of careers for women has won acceptance, Horner notes that careerism can become a trap. Says she: "We are seeing many women who have made a very definite career choice having a crisis of confidence."

Horner herself is a have-your-cake-and-eat-it-too role model for students. She is a wife and a mother of three, as well as a respected research scholar. But "things are changing so fast," she says, "that the traditional models for partnering and parenting are no longer sufficient." Her students are groping for new ways to strike a better balance between the traditional alternatives of family and career, without jumping from one extreme to the other: "It's very interesting now to watch young people who are asking 'Does it have to be either/or?'"



President Matina Horner surrounded by Radcliffe students

"All the evidence seemed to show that Harvard alumni had only male children."



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People



Billy Joel on the beach

Not for red-hot Rocker **Billy Joel** the dreary duty calls expected of a visiting VIP in Cuba. Between sets by a star-studded U.S. rock, pop and jazz caravan visiting Havana for the first concert of its kind in 20 years, fellow Performers **Kris Kristofferson** and Wife **Rita Coolidge** duly toured socialist showplaces, including a pioneer school. Billy, by contrast, crammed a peaked cap over his swirl of black curls, clamped a cigar in his teeth and settled down on a beach to rap with enthralled young Cubans, who, from tuning in to Miami rock stations, already knew the words to such Joel hits as *Big Shot* and *Only the Good Die Young*.

It was obviously not the bronchitis with which **Billy Carter**, 41, had been hospitalized that led his presidential elder

brother to diagnose Billy at a recent press conference as "seriously ill." Last week the younger Carter, accompanied by Wife **Sybil**, checked out of an Americus, Ga., hospital and flew to California to dry out at the Alcohol Rehabilitation Service of the Long Beach Naval Regional Medical Center. Carter, who has admitted guzzling two dozen beers a day, will undergo six weeks of group therapy and psychodrama in order to learn how to deal with his drinking problem. **Betty Ford** and Billy's fellow Georgian **Herman Talmadge** completed the same kind of treatment.

For Tennis Ace **Jimmy Connors**, 26, was it love and match? Mischievous Jimmy would say naught, but friends revealed that he had secretly wed *Playboy's* 1977 Playmate of the Year **Patti McGuire**, 27, his constant companion along with his mother, of course) since the two met last year at a Los Angeles disco. Only trouble was, the friends were vague about the ceremony. They said it took place last October on a mountaintop outside Tokyo while Connors was nursing an ankle injury. Whatever happened in Japan, they were definitely married in a civil ceremony in February in St. Louis, from which area the bride and groom both hail. The retired Playmate is expecting in August.



Jimmy Connors and Bride Patti posing as *Playboy's* Playmate for 1977

The bon mots flowed faster than the Clement Colomel Chablis at the American Film Institute dinner in Beverly Hills, Calif., honoring bulbous Meisterzinger of Murder **Alfred Hitchcock** at 79. "Hitch's genius," quipped Actor **John Forsythe**, "is that he can put such life into death." **Ingrid Bergman** praised the director as "a gentleman farmer who raises goose flesh." Ventured **Cary Grant**, who managed to emerge alive from four Hitchcock epics: "The best is yet to come, Hitch." Spattered with tributes and smothered by adoration, Hitchcock observed in his familiar bullfrog voice: "Man does not live by murder alone. He needs affection, approval, encouragement and, occasionally, a hearty meal."

Nobody complained when Opera Diva **Helen Traubel** sang at Nashville's Grand Ole Opry. But **James Brown**, the king of soul, at the shrine of country music? Well, that is noncountry royalty of a different kind, on account of all the king's funky songs. Insisted Pianist **Del Wood**, one of a pride of Opry regulars protesting

Brown's appearance: "Country music exemplifies America's heartbeat, and I don't think its heartbeat is below the belly button." Squelching critics with an unexpected navel maneuver, Brown indicated he would forego below the belly button hits like *Sex Machine* in favor of *Love Me Tender* and *Tennessee Waltz*. "Anything dirty about that?" grinned he.

On the Record

Dolly Parton, country singer, on the art in her splashy new Fifth Avenue apartment: "Some of the pictures cost a lot of money, and I can't help thinkin', 'Good Lord, I coulda done that in first grade.'"

Gerald Ford, former President: "I certainly am not a candidate. But I learned a long time ago never to say never."

Claudette Colbert, 73, actress, looking back over her three-score movies: "I would love to have played bitches, but I only played one really, in *The Sign of the Cross*. I loved every minute of it."



Hitchcock and Grant at awards dinner for the Meisterzinger of Murder



Side view of one of GM's new "X" cars, the Pontiac Phoenix, on test drive in Texas, and front view of same car (inset)

Economy & Business

Detroit's "Total Revolution"

The fuel crunch and federal demands speed the shift to smaller models

"Almighty God," intoned the solemn speaker, "we thank thee for the wheel. For the person who made it into a vehicle. For those who produce it. And bless us who use it. Amen."

For the 550 dark-suited industrialists who stood with bowed heads, the unusual invocation by Detroit City Councilman David Eberhard was as right and natural as the Pledge of Allegiance. The prayer opened the weekly luncheon of the Economic Club of Detroit, the automobile capital of the world, and never before have the men who put the U.S. on wheels had more reason to seek divine intervention. Over the next half dozen years, the edgy managers of General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and American Motors will need all the help they can get.

Their once seemingly invincible industry, which last year produced 15.4 million vehicles in the U.S., provided jobs for 14 million American workers in the automotive and dependent industries and generated more than \$100 billion in sales around the globe, is facing the most daunting challenge in its peacetime history. For two companies—Chrysler and American Motors—the struggle could become a matter of survival. All the manufacturers are straining their technical, financial and managerial resources to the limit in an upheaval that will be felt at many levels of business and to one degree or another will

touch the lives of almost all Americans. Says Chrysler Chairman John Riccardo: "In the next six years the industry faces a total revolution."

The automakers are rushing to meet by 1985 a series of sweeping and sometimes contradictory Government regulations aimed at improving gas mileage, lowering engine pollution and improving safety. The auto companies are spending staggering sums to comply with the reg-

ulations as well as to shrink the highway cruiser and develop new, more conserving engines for powering it. GM alone will lay out \$5 billion in capital spending this year. Still, Government pressure increases for even sharper and faster change. Transportation Secretary Brock Adams has called on automakers to achieve even greater gas economy by doing "nothing less than reinventing the car." One of his goals is a fleet that will average 50 m.p.g. by the year 2000.

Many automakers are shocked and angered. "We're breaking our butts trying to get to the numbers that Adams has got for us already," grouches Riccardo. Adds a Ford executive: "What he's calling for is the repeal of the law of thermodynamics." For all their misgivings, however, the industry's leaders have lately begun to realize the full dimensions of the problem facing the country. Says Henry Ford II: "The fuel issue is a national problem, and it has to be got at."

The industry is barreling head on into the energy crisis that is changing American auto-buying habits. Cars and trucks use up 40% or 7.4 million bbl a day, of all the petroleum burned in the U.S. The oil price explosion has sent the average cost of gasoline from 35¢ per gal four years ago to 70¢ today, and that figure is sure to rise as a result of the latest increases by Iran, Kuwait, Libya, Algeria and other OPEC members. Spot shortages



Measuring visibility in a GM lab
Regulation breeds invention.



Typical of automakers' exotic research, Chrysler engineer uses computer to gauge design accuracy of models of experimental electric car

of low-polluting unleaded gasoline are already occurring, and its price is expected to climb to \$1 or more a gallon in the next year or so.

To meet the public's and the Government's demand for cars that are less thirsty as well as less polluting, Detroit has no choice except to accelerate its pace of change. Says General Motors President Elliott ("Pete") Estes: "We have made tremendous progress over the last four years. But in the next five years we're going to make that look like child's play."

Next month GM will roll out its basic lean cars for the 1980s. In the splashiest and costliest auto introduction in history, the company on April 19 will start selling its new compact X cars. Departing from the secrecy that surrounds most new models in Detroit, GM added to the hype by allowing plenty of tantalizing pre-introductory glimpses of these autos. Almost everything in them, from axles to windshields, has been redesigned to save weight and spare gas, and the company has poured \$2.5 billion into the project so far. The stubby X car will replace four of GM's existing compact models; it will be sold by four GM divisions, each of which will give it a slightly different body, as well as a different name. Chevrolet's model will be called the Citation, and it will replace the current Chevy Nova. Three other divisions will use the same names that they now have on their compacts: Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark. The cars will be classified as 1980 models, giving them a five-month sales lead over the later-starting competitors that will come out when the model year formally begins in the autumn. Between April and September, GM aims for sales of 325,000 X cars. Company executives talk of selling 1 million of the cars by the end of 1980. (By comparison, GM sold nearly 5.4 million vehicles of all kinds last year.)

Weighing 2,500 lbs. and having a

wheelbase of 104 in., the new cars will be 800 lbs. lighter and 20 in. shorter than the compact cars they replace. But they will be slightly bigger and heavier than Chrysler's Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon and about 14 in. longer than Ford's Fiesta—three cars that GM's competitors have already introduced for the new era. Engineers estimate that the X cars will average 26 m.p.g. The cars will list for \$4,100 to \$4,500 with automatic transmission as an option. Independent, noncompany drivers who have already tested the X cars say that they perform well.

Like some other recent new models, the X cars will have front-wheel drive; with FWD, engine power is delivered to the front wheels to pull the car. European manufacturers have long been using FWD, but the U.S. industry began and grew up with rear-wheel drive, and Detroit's chiefs regarded changing

to FWD as prohibitively expensive.

They are switching now mainly because FWD rules out the need for a power line to the rear wheels. That eliminates the floor hump caused by the transmission and provides more interior room, which will be an important selling consideration as cars shrink on the outside. FWD also permits the use of a transverse engine, which is laid in sideways; that allows for a shorter hood and, in turn, lighter weight and reduced fuel use. Steering is tight on FWD cars, and they corner sharply, which could be a problem for American drivers used to the looser steering on rear-wheel-drive models. Because the engine, the heaviest part of the vehicle, sits over the front wheels, FWD cars get excellent traction, especially on snow and ice.

In late 1977 Chrysler led the way and introduced the first small American-made cars with FWD, its Omni and Horizon. Despite unfavorable and unfair publicity given to the models' steering capability by *Consumer Reports*, both cars have become sales leaders in Chrysler's otherwise slow-moving stable. Ford's FWD entry, the European-made Fiesta, has also proved extremely popular.

The Fiestas and GM's Chevettes and X cars are the forward patrols in Detroit's new assault on the rapidly changing global car market. Partly because of the Government's costly regulations, profit margins on sales are sinking: at GM, the industry's most efficient producer, they declined from 8.3% in the 1960s to 5.5% in 1978, which was a near record sales year. American firms are pressing to expand sales in European, Japanese and Third World markets that tend to be more profitable than the U.S. because they have less stringent regulations and a much bigger growth potential. Detroit's new drive has led to a race with the automakers of Europe (and Japan) to develop a "world car"—a tough, economical model that is suitable to all climates and conditions. To



Assembling test battery in sealed box at GM
A hunt for the ultimate power plant.

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Economy & Business

hold down shipping costs the car's interchangeable components will be produced at various points around the globe. Huge production runs at assembly plants located in key markets will bring down costs, and thus potentially the car's price to consumers.

Ironically, U.S. cars will become more competitive in the world because of the Government demand that most unnerves Detroit's executives and engineers: to cut gas consumption enough to achieve a corporate average fuel economy (CAFE) of 27.5 m.p.g. in 1985, up from 19 m.p.g. in 1979. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) has made that target exquisitely difficult. Company chiefs had assumed that the mileage increases would be spread equally over the five years. But NHTSA Chief Joan Claybrook, a former Nader Raider, decreed

means you have got to have some cars that get a lot more than 50 miles a gallon if you are going to have the bigger alternative models people in the past have found they needed to pull a trailer or carry a full-size family." The only way to satisfy both the conflicting demands for increased mileage and full-size cars is to make ever lighter models while sacrificing as little interior space as possible. To accomplish that, the industry is experimenting with a bewildering variety of new materials and technologies.

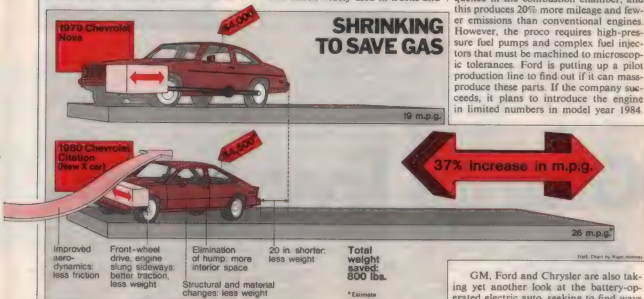
Most important, the days of the classic, gasoline-burning internal combustion engine are clearly numbered. The most likely replacements for big cars are the diesel engine, which is championed by GM, and the stratified-charge gasoline engine, being developed by Ford.

The diesel, widely used in trucks and

throws off 0.8 g.p.m., and nobody in Detroit knows how to reduce that level in full-size cars without losing power. The agency announced that it will set a final standard later this year after hearing from the auto companies and consumer and environmental groups. A fierce battle is certain.

The diesel has other shortcomings: it is costly (GM charges \$287 extra for it), starts poorly in cold weather and sometimes causes a car to vibrate. Ford, the No. 2 automaker, regards the diesel as a back-up and hopes to ride into the future on a stratified-charge "proco" (programmed combustion) engine. In it, the fuel is essentially divided into two mixtures of gas and air, one of which is "rich" (high on the gas) and one "lean" (high on air). The two mixtures are burned in sequence in the combustion chamber, and this produces 20% more mileage and fewer emissions than conventional engines. However, the proco requires high-pressure fuel pumps and complex fuel injectors that must be machined to microscopic tolerances. Ford is putting up a pilot production line to find out if it can mass-produce these parts. If the company succeeds, it plans to introduce the engine in limited numbers in model year 1984.

SHRINKING TO SAVE GAS



that from 1981 to 1983, the companies' average fleet averages must jump by 2 m.p.g. annually. In 1984, the schedule calls for a gain of 1 m.p.g. and in 1985, 1/2 m.p.g. The carmakers want the mileage gains to be spread out equally over the years or, better yet from their viewpoint, stretched to 1988. Either change, they argue, would give Detroit's overworked engineers more time to develop new technologies and substantially reduce the risk of costly failures. The automakers have considerable political power, but the fate of their fight will depend largely on the future availability and price of oil.

Despite the mileage standards, the manufacturers are determined to go on making full-size, six-passenger cars. As GM Chairman Thomas Aquinas Murphy told Time Detroit Bureau Chief Barrett Seaman, "It's one thing to talk about reinventing the automobile to get one that will go 50 miles on a gallon. It is another thing to talk about fleet averages. That

some European cars, offers 25% better fuel economy than conventional engines. Installing a diesel has about the same results as trimming 1,000 lbs. from one of GM's largest cars. The company, which began offering the engine as an option on some Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs in 1977, expects to sell 190,000 diesel-powered cars and light trucks this year, or about 4% of all GM autos. Barring further Government interference, the company expects to expand production of diesels throughout the coming decade.

Here, too, Washington regulators are putting up roadblocks even though, ironically, the diesel meets all present emission standards. Unlike conventional engines, diesels give off tiny specks of soot known as particulates. In January the Environmental Protection Agency proposed that a limit on diesel particulates be set at 0.2 grams per mile (g.p.m.). The diesel on GM's 350 Oldsmobile now

GM, Ford and Chrysler are also taking yet another look at the battery-operated electric auto, seeking to find ways to overcome the car's perennial drawbacks of limited range and performance. Typically, GM is in the lead. The company is testing an electric power pack in some of its subcompact Chevettes. The "Electrovette" runs on 20 twelve-volt batteries, which are partially recharged every time the brake is applied. The car can achieve speeds of up to 55 m.p.h., but it can travel no more than 50 miles before it needs recharging.

Chrysler has teamed with General Electric to produce under Government contract two cars for experimentation by the Department of Transportation. "The weakest link is still the battery," says Chrysler Top Engineer Sidney Jeffer. As a result, the main focus of research today is to find the right combination of materials and chemicals that will enable batteries of the future to store more power in less space.

Detroit is also reassessing the way it designs its cars, and the real buzzword these days is aerodynamics. The aim is



GOYA

The Third of May, 1808 (Detail)

In 1808, Napoleon forced the weak Spanish monarch Charles IV to surrender the throne to his brother, Joseph Bonaparte. Enraged by this blatant treachery, the Spanish people rose in revolt. In this stirring painting, Goya captured forever the brave resistance of the people—and the naked horror of the cold-blooded mass execution that followed.



VELÁZQUEZ

Prince Baltasar Carlos in Hunting Dress

Philip IV worshipped his handsome, engaging son—and Velázquez painted many portraits of him. Tragically, the princeling (aged 6 in this work) never ascended the throne—he died at age 17. X-rays of this painting have revealed that there were three dogs in the artist's original draft.



EL GRECO

St. Andrew and St. Francis

Painted about 1603, this work remained hidden in a monastery for some 330 years. On the right hand of St. Francis, El Greco painted the "stigmata"—a mark resembling the nail wounds of Christ, believed to have been impressed upon St. Francis in his mystical participation in the crucifixion.

Giants live here.



The Prado, Madrid

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TITIAN

Portrait of a Knight of Malta

Titian, who was court painter to two Spanish Kings, was the most sought-after portraitist of his age—and this work has been called one of his best. During his career, Titian supplied some 22 paintings to Philip II alone—many of them now regarded as priceless masterpieces. Philip never paid for a single painting.



BOSCH

The Garden of Delights (Detail)

To this day, art interpreters are confounded by the weird, seemingly irrational imagery in this, Bosch's masterwork. They do agree on one point: the enigmatic face in the lower portion of this detail may be the mysterious Bosch himself.



RUBENS

The Three Graces

One of the last paintings by Rubens, the lush sensuality of the nudes caused the work to be branded as indecent during the 18th century, when it was kept from public view. The nude on the right is Rubens' wife, Hélène Fourment.

artist's other works. From this vantage point, the commentary was written—with special attention to the unique features of every masterpiece.

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Taste.

Economy & Business

to cut air resistance to cars by making them more "slippery," thus increasing fuel efficiency by as much as 10% to 20%. Aerodynamics research has led to hoods that are more sloping, recessed door handles and exterior mirrors that are sculpted to reduce wind drag.

In addition, the automakers are installing thinner doors and chopping off front and rear overhang to reduce weight. Ford recently pared 5 lbs. from its doors by slimming window glass by 2 mm to 3 mm. Engineers are searching for more lightweight materials for the 15,000 or so parts that make up an automobile. Prime problem: high cost. Substituting ultrahigh-strength steel for the usual low-carbon steel can save 15% to 30% in weight; aluminum provides a 50% to 60% saving, and graphite 60% to 70%. But these materials cost two to three times as much as low-carbon steel. Urethane plastics are also being used successfully in some soft bumpers, but plastics are made from oil, and their widespread use could greatly increase demand for petroleum.

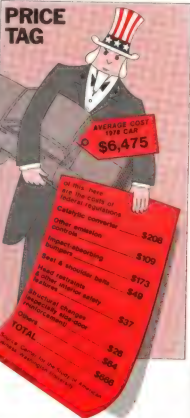
Frustratingly, the twin objectives of more mileage and less pollution often fight each other. The pollution control systems that are mandatory on new models, notably the catalytic converter that requires the use of unleaded gas, force cars to burn 5% to 10% more gasoline than they would without such requirements. Emissions from new cars have been reduced 80% from the uncontrolled levels of twelve years ago, but in 1981 that total must reach 96%. Chrysler Vice President Sydney Terry echoes a common lament in the industry: "Achieving the last 4% or 5% is going to cost as much as all the rest put together." Ford executives calculate that, from 1978 to 1981, the industry will have to spend \$59 million for each gain of one percentage point, and they argue that the cost is not worth it. Says Ford President Philip Caldwell: "More hydrocarbons will enter the atmosphere by applying a gallon of oil-base paint to a wall than by driving a car 8,000 miles under '81 standards."

The overall cost of auto regulation is breathtaking. Economist Colin Loxley of Wharton Econometrics estimates that GM, Ford and Chrysler will spend about \$18 billion between 1979 and 1985 to reach the various pollution, mileage and safety goals set by the Government. Most of this inflationary cost, of course, will be borne by the buyer. According to GM's Estes, the price of a typical GM car by 1985 will be \$945 more than it would have been without the regulations.

The automakers brought much of their troubles on themselves by their earlier stonewalling of all regulations, many of which are judged basically desirable by society. The manufacturers' typical rejoinder to any new standard was "Technologically it cannot be done," or "It can

be accomplished on a limited basis, but not for mass production." Today the automakers are more cooperative, but they have difficulty getting a fair hearing from the public or Congress, both of which often discount their arguments in advance. Admits Estes: "We've got a serious problem with our credibility." Thus the regulators have felt free to override industry objections to bloated costs and the unnecessary risk of rushing into unproven technologies that may not pay off.

As the industry's plight becomes all too apparent, however, there are signs that the regulators are becoming worried and softening their attitudes. Two



weeks ago, Adams conceded that the "companies' resources are stretched in meeting the standards by 1985." For the first time he raised the possibility that the Government might help Detroit develop new engines and designs by allocating federal funds for research and development. But he stopped short of relaxing the Government's rigorous regulatory schedule.

The costly demands of regulation stand to weaken competition within the industry. GM will gain strength, Ford will at least hold its own, while Chrysler and AMC will probably lose ground. The bigger the company, the less trouble it will have meeting the standards. GM last year sold almost half of all the vehicles bought

in the U.S. and registered sales of \$63 billion, roughly equal to the gross national product of Switzerland. GM is able to spread fixed costs across a much greater volume than its competitors can, and it can spend more for experiment and developing new hardware. As Chrysler President Lee Iacocca notes: "At Chrysler, if I had three potentially big-selling cars, I would have to choose one to go with. At Ford you'd say 'go with two.' At GM they say, 'Bullshit, let's go with all three.'"

The outlook at the glass-house headquarters of Ford in Dearborn, Mich., is a bit less cheery than at GM. The company had sales of \$43 billion last year, and so far this year has managed to hold its share of the market for U.S. makes, about 27%, vs. 60% for GM. Ford's compact Fairmont is moving well, but sales of its subcompact Pinto are down because of publicity over faulty gas tanks on earlier models, which sometimes exploded when hit from the rear. The much publicized ousting of Iacocca as Ford's president and the threatened lawsuits against Chairman Henry Ford II have also hurt. To scrub up its image, Ford has been working extremely hard to ensure safety and reliability.

Chrysler is in trouble, despite sales of \$17 billion that make it the nation's tenth largest manufacturing company. Its share of the U.S. market has plunged from 16.3% in 1968 to 10.1% in 1978. Though the small Omni and Horizon are selling fast, Chrysler's big cars, the St. Regis and the New Yorker, are not moving well. The company lost \$204 million last year. To raise money, Chrysler is on a selling spree. From the sale of its European operations to Peugeot, the company picked up \$230 million in cash, along with a 15% share in the French firm. Last week Chrysler, pleading for help in meeting its expected \$7.5 billion cost of complying with federal regulations by the mid-1980s, asked its suppliers to cut their prices by 1% to 2% and started speaking with Michigan authorities for special state aid.

Chrysler's future will depend largely on whether Iacocca can improve the company's cars and modernize its aging plants on a limited budget. Says Arvid Jouppe, Detroit's leading independent auto analyst: "They might as well call Iacocca 'Last Chance.'" Last week, in a typically unorthodox marketing stroke, Iacocca set out to steal customers from his former employer. On his corporate stationery and over his printed signature, he sent letters to more than half a million Ford car owners, urging them to switch to Chryslers. He enclosed his gold-colored business card and advised the Ford customers that if they flashed it in Chrysler showrooms, they would be shown "every consideration."

AMC, which has only 1.5% of the market, has effectively retired from the redesign race. President W. Paul Tippet

Economy & Business

confirms that company policy is to wait for the developments to come from other companies, and then buy the technology from them. While still building some of its own small cars, AMC will concentrate on the macho four-wheel-drive Jeep market that it has profitably cornered. An agreement to assemble American-built French-designed Renaults is also in the works, and will take effect in the 1982 model year.

The downsizing of American cars is sure to shake up the world auto business. The new technology being developed in Detroit is also suitable for Europe, Japan and developing nations. Since Chrysler has pulled out of Europe, the main beneficiaries of the new trend are GM and Ford, which have flourishing manufacturing operations in Europe, Australia and elsewhere abroad.

Ford, long considered "the GM of Europe," has much the stronger position overseas. Today Ford Europe provides close to half of the parent company's earnings. Small wonder that the company today is run by a bunch of the division's

alumni known as "the European Mafia." Or that Ford has one of only two world car prototypes in existence, the rakish Fiesta, which gets 38 m.p.g. The model is assembled at three sites in Germany, Belgium and Spain from components made in England, engines made in Spain and transmissions made in France.

Now GM, which last year had foreign sales of \$11 billion, vs. Ford's \$13 billion, is speeding to catch up, and, with its fat pocketbook and drive, it might overtake Ford in the next decade. GM has the other emerging world car in its popular Chevette, and its X cars are prime candidates for world status. Estes aims to increase GM's unit sales abroad by 8% a year through 1985, making major pushes not only in Europe but also in Mexico, South America, Korea, Japan and Africa.

West German and British manufacturers profess to be unconcerned, but Giuliano Lonardi, worldwide marketing director for Fiat, recognizes the challenge. In his view, U.S. firms not only have the billions needed for mass-producing a world car, but through their suppliers they

can turn out a tremendous flow of parts in many countries. Says he: "This enormous access to components is the greatest strength of American efficiency in production." Japan's Takashi Ishihara, president of Nissan Motor, speaks as if the American challenge is a war. Says he: "We find ourselves on the eve of intense international competition with American automakers in the small-car market, which hitherto has been the Japanese makers' stronghold. From now on we will have to map out strategies on a global scale and deploy our forces dynamically."

The production, marketing and organizational power of the U.S. giants will be hard to beat, despite their current woes from Washington. Says Jouppe: "GM and Ford will pretty much determine what the cars of the future will be. There just isn't anyone around who can compete effectively. Between them they will divide up two-thirds of the world market and leave the remaining third for the rest." In the meantime, ready or not, the auto-buying public can sit back and enjoy one of the most tumultuous periods of change since the car replaced the horse. ■

Love Affair in Germany

The market is worth maybe \$2 billion a year, which in Detroit's terms is penny ante. But sales abroad of cars made in the U.S. are rapidly increasing. General Motors last year exported 125,000 cars, up from 98,000 in 1977, and both Ford and Chrysler are doing well. The strongest demand is from Western Europe, especially Switzerland, Belgium and the country where people have prided themselves on making some of the world's best cars, West Germany.

For years the Germans, along with other Europeans, spurned Detroit's chromed giants as only suitable for nouveau riche butchers, high-mark call girls and mobsters. They were just too large, too showy and too expensive compared with the better-quality German models. Now, the weak dollar and the U.S. automakers' new enthusiasm for safety and economy are beginning to make the *Ami Strassenkreuzer* (literally, Yankee street cruiser) a fast-selling status symbol among the young professional elite.

This year Germany's 110 U.S. car dealers expect to sell about 20,000 imports from America, more than in the previous eight years all together. Auto-Becker of Düsseldorf,

the country's largest U.S. dealer, is spending \$6 million to expand its showroom and hopes to sell 2,000 cars, up from 850 in 1978 and only 250 in 1977. "It is the In thing to own an American-made car now," explains Helmut Becker, sales manager for the firm. Adds Peter Baumgarten, a GM salesman in Munich: "West German prosperity has increased the size and price of German cars, while congested cities and autobahns have created a need for the kind of comfort European cars lack. At the same time, American cars have become more economical."

"The buyers are individualists," continues Baumgarten, "the architects, advertising people and journalists." One reason for the rising demand is the immediate delivery offered on most American cars, unlike the long waits for Audis, BMWs and Mercedes.

The biggest draw is price. In West Germany, a Chevrolet Camaro and Ford Mustang cost about \$10,400 each, compared with the sticker price of \$9,700 for a VW Passat (which is called Dasher in the U.S.). The Chevy Caprice sells for about \$14,000, or \$1,000 less than the top-line Audi 100LS and \$2,000 less than the BMW 525. Indeed, the dollar has declined so much that in some European countries, U.S. cars cost less than they did last year.



Shoppers at Auto-Becker in Düsseldorf look at U.S.-made cars, which are no longer just "Yankee street cruisers" for the nouveau riche

A scenic landscape of a rolling green hill under a clear blue sky. A rustic wooden post-and-rail fence winds its way across the hillside. In the distance, atop the ridge, two cowboys on horseback are silhouetted against the sky; one is pointing towards the horizon.

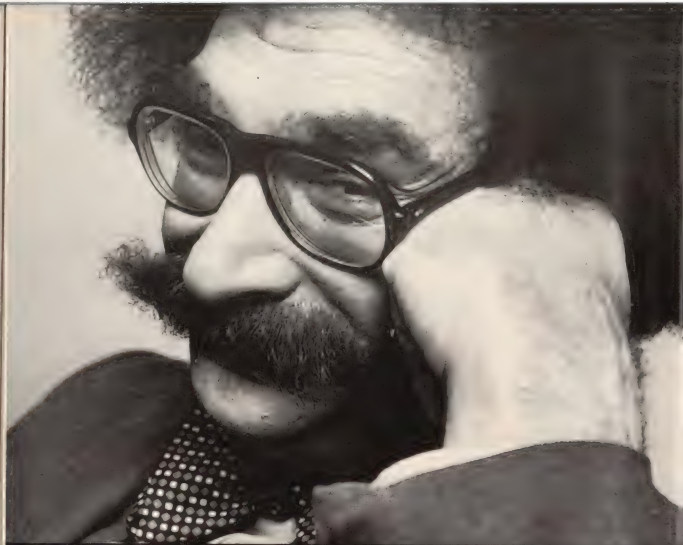
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Economy & Business



General Motors Chairman Murphy makes a point to potential corporate board members

A Good Woman Is Easier to Find

And a little self-promotion never hurts

In these times of unfriendly takeover attempts and vexing shareholder suits, the corporate board room is no longer the snug, overstuffed haven it used to be. Still, its directorship remains a sure sign of having made it in the business world. Few women have broken through the well-guarded board-room door: only 276 women sit on boards of the nation's biggest 1,300 corporations. They tend to be concentrated in packaged-goods and other consumer-related companies.

Last week at a breakfast in Manhattan, ten members of the Financial Women's Association, a group of successful managers, introduced themselves as qualified candidates for board membership to the heads of 30 major corporations, including General Motors, Pfizer, Kennecott Copper, Uniroyal and Mobil. Said one of the aspirants, Paula Hughes, 47, a vice president and director of Thomson McKinnon Securities: "Being on a board is the *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval. Women get on boards because they have already been on boards." Added another candidate, Ellen Berland Sachar, 37, a vice president and security analyst with Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins: "People complain that there is not a large enough pool of available women. We are saying that there is another generation of women coming up that corporate executives should be aware of."

Eighteen months ago the F.W.A. set out to select those members with appropriate work experience to be considered for directorships. The purpose of the breakfast was to acquaint the corporate chiefs with some of them. Says Marilyn Brown, 41, also a candidate and president of her own consulting firm: "Our approach is to make ourselves available." The "available" group also in-

cluded Lynn Salvage, 32, president of the First Women's Bank of New York; Julia M. Walsh, 55, chairman of Julia Walsh & Sons, a Washington brokerage firm; Suzanne Jaffe, 35, a partner at Century Capital Associates, an investment advisory firm; and Rosalie Wolf, 37, a vice president of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, investment bankers.

Once corporations have a woman director, says Janet Jones-Parker, an executive recruiter who is chairman of Management Woman, Inc., "there is a certain comfort level of 'Well, we have our woman now.'" Indeed, one of the chief executives at the breakfast was heard to wonder aloud: "I don't know why I was invited. We already have a woman on our board." Another problem for women is that most of them do not yet have jobs as senior as those of the men who get on boards. Says Rosalie Wolf: "Much of the job market was closed to us until ten years ago. We are still building the credentials that we need."

Corporate policy is changing fast to give women the line responsibilities that they must have to rise high enough to become directors. Said General Motors Chairman Thomas Aquinas Murphy, who was a speaker at the breakfast: "Our constant challenge is to find the unconventional woman, the woman with a strong educational background in engineering, who can approach a job as a first-line supervisor with enthusiasm."

None of the F.W.A. women, as Ellen Sachar put it, was "so naive as to think if she sat next to [Mobil Chairman] Rawleigh Warner at breakfast, he would invite her on the Mobil board at lunch." But what these women are telling corporate executives is that it is no longer valid to contend that there are not many qualified women for boards. ■

Ax for Amtrak

Ahead: rail reduction

When Congress formed Amtrak in 1971, the idea was that a national passenger rail service would make money. But the federally supported rail system has been a steady loser and a growing drain on the public purse. The Government subsidy in 1978 reached \$578 million, or about \$2 in taxpayers' funds for every \$1 taken in fares. Last week the Senate Commerce Committee began hearings to decide just what to do about it.

With Amtrak's annual deficit expected to climb to \$1 billion or more by 1985, the austerity-minded lawmakers are in no mood to shout down a new Administration plan that will sharply cut both the cost and the size of the passenger train network. Transportation Secretary Brock Adams would eliminate 12,000 lightly traveled miles of Amtrak's 27,500-mile network, mostly in the South and West. Five states (Arkansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Vermont and Alabama) would lose all passenger train services. But Adams claims that the slimmed Amtrak could still serve 91% of its present customers and all of America's 25 or so largest cities (except Atlanta, Cincinnati and Dallas-Fort Worth).

Some of the grand old trains would disappear, however, including the *Crescent*, from Washington to Atlanta and New Orleans; the *Montrealer*, from Washington through New England to Canada; the *National Limited*, from New York to Kansas City; the *North Coast Hiawatha*, from Chicago to Seattle; and both the *Silver Meteor* and the *Champion*, from New York to Florida. All the cuts, Adams estimates, would save about \$1.4 billion in taxpayers' money over the next five years.

The plan is supported by Amtrak's president, Alan Boyd. He argued last week to a Senate Commerce Subcommittee that the average age of locomotives and cars is 28 years, the average system-wide speed is 45 m.p.h., and that maintenance costs are "out of sight. We've got a lot of junk." Added Boyd: "A smaller system will enable the railroad to provide much better service."

Unless either house of Congress moves to vote down the Adams plan by May 22—and that now seems unlikely—it will go into effect automatically this October. While Amtrak is a prime candidate for surgery, Congress in this instance may be acting overhastily. A new oil crunch is here, and Amtrak offers about the only energy-efficient alternative to cars. The Adams plan commendably seeks to save cash, but it might be better if it were part of some larger strategy to rebuild and restructure Amtrak to match the fast, comfortable and dependable services of Europe and Japan. Unfortunately, no such plan is under serious discussion. ■

Energy

Petro-Perils Proliferate

As Iran's exports edge up, other OPEC members just threaten to cut back

It was intended as a coming-out party for Iran's reborn oil industry. Unfortunately, when Hassan Nazih, the new director of the National Iranian Oil Co. (NIOC), pressed a button that was supposed to start crude oil flowing into the hold of a waiting supertanker, nothing happened. After 68 days of no petroleum exports at all, Iran had to wait another five minutes while technicians hurried to locate and repair an electrical malfunction in the pumping equipment. For the assembled crowd of government officials and oil workers, the delay was an embarrassment. For the oil-thirsty nations of the world, it merely emphasized the perils of counting on anything to go as planned in Iran these days.

The new regime tirelessly proclaims that it will never again sell the 5.5 million bbl per day that made prerevolutionary Iran the second largest oil producer in the 13-member OPEC cartel. On the other hand, the country's strife-battered economy desperately needs the hard foreign money that petroleum brings in. Since the Khomeini government has not yet figured out what its revenue needs will be, NIOC has been unable to gauge how much oil it will have to pump. In the uncertainty, Iranian authorities have been



Ashland's Atkins: He knows what's good

grabbing projected export figures out of the air, with semiofficial guesstimates ranging from about 2 million bbl per day all the way up to 4 million.

The oil squeeze will tighten no matter what Iran does. Prices are climbing, not least because one OPEC country after another has either posted large unilateral increases or announced rises for later this spring. Last week Algeria and Iraq joined the list; Algeria's planned rise of 28% is by far the biggest yet.

Another frighteningly familiar threat has suddenly loomed again: the prospect of production cutbacks by other OPEC members. Libya last week announced that beginning April 1 it will reduce scheduled deliveries to oil companies by 12% to 18% for unspecified reasons. Similarly, Algeria told oil company customers to reduce purchases by 10% to 15%. OPEC officials tried to link continued oil supplies to a pro-Palestinian solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict, but the real reason for the cuts is to keep supplies tight and prices high even though Iran is resuming limited production.

The cartel's profit motive was much in evidence at an Arab energy conference in Abu Dhabi last week. Delegates bitterly attacked Western oil companies for trading oil back and forth among themselves at extortionate prices on the small but highly volatile spot market. Mani Said Utaiba, Oil Minister of the United Arab Emirates and president of the cartel, suggested that at its next meeting on March 26 in Geneva, OPEC should take up the idea of blacklisting offending companies and refusing to sell oil to them.

The truth is, OPEC members are themselves big-time price gougers. Not only is Iraq raising its official price for long-term petroleum contracts, but it is also selling shipments on an individual basis at the even higher spot market prices. Nigeria has also reportedly made deliveries to Israel for as high as \$23 per bbl., vs. the official OPEC price of \$13.34. Oilmen say that Libya's purpose in reducing sales under long-term contracts is both to prop up the price and to have some additional tonnage of its own to gamble with.

Such tactics have caused oil executives to mutter about drawing up a blacklist of their own, perhaps to refuse to deal in the spot market with OPEC countries that will not honor their legally binding contracts. Said Clifton Garvin Jr., chairman of Exxon: "It is our belief that we



should not buy oil at present high spot market prices." Others do not seem so confident. Last week Royal Dutch/Shell, a major customer of Iranian crude before the ouster of the Shah, was back in the loading queue for a new supertanker cargo at an undisclosed price.

In fact, oil companies and OPEC are both benefiting from the rapid run-up in prices. Oil industry profits for this quarter are expected to rise anywhere from 20% to 40% above last year's. Among the reasons: inventories acquired at last year's prices are becoming more valuable as OPEC pushes up the worldwide cost of crude. The largest gains will come from operations in Western Europe, where retail prices are largely uncontrolled.

A few companies seem destined to reap an absolute embarrassment of riches. According to projections by Wall Street's Paine Webber Inc., Ashland Oil, the nation's largest independent refiner, will see first-quarter profits leap by 517% over last year's earnings; one reason is the deals that the firm has been rushing to slap together during the crisis. Last week Ashland eagerly paid an exorbitant price, about \$19.50 per bbl. for 300,000 tons of Iranian crude, even though the company's inventories are all but overflowing. Ashland executives had no firm idea of what to do with the shipment, though they hinted that they might try to resell it in the coming weeks at an even higher price than they paid for it. Says Chairman Orrin Atkins, who tends to get so distracted by corporate affairs of state that he forgets to remove his black homburg while being zipped about in the company jet: "What is good for Ashland Oil is good for the country."

As always, the ultimate victims are the nation's consumers, and last week they got more predictably glum news about inflation. Even though OPEC's price increases are only just starting to work themselves into the economy, wholesale prices leaped a full 1% in February and, just as it has for months, food led the advance.

At a minimum, crude-oil prices are expected to rise from the current levels to at least \$16 per bbl. by year's end, although a cost of \$18 or more is becoming increasingly likely. A rise that big would retard economic growth and add alarmingly to world inflation and monetary instability. Instead of declining from last year's record \$28.5 billion to \$20 billion or less as President Carter had hoped, the nation's trade deficit would swell to \$29 billion, according to projections by Data Resources Inc. An increase to \$22 per bbl. would send the trade deficit to \$39 billion, and that could cause the dollar to take another plunge. No one knows whether the world monetary system would be able to survive the shocks without substantial change, but unless stability returns quickly to the oil market, people will not have to wait long to find out. In sum, a supply shortage contrived by OPEC is creating major price problems, which threaten to bring severe financial upset. ■

Inching Closer to \$1 Gasoline

Anything seems possible as prices continue to soar

Gasoline might hit a dollar a gallon in the next three or four years, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger predicted last month. For once he was being optimistic. Even before any of the newly inflated Arab oil has landed on U.S. shores, gasoline prices in some parts of the country are already reaching for the one-dollar mark.

Prices of 73.5¢ per gal. for unleaded were common in Miami last week, as were 77.9¢ per gal. in Atlanta and 78.9¢ per gal. in Jackson, Miss. Dealers in New Jersey were asking 71.9¢ per gal. for unleaded, and in New York City 88.9¢ per gal. for unleaded was posted on at least one pump. In Chicago a gallon of Amoco premium unleaded has been going for 96.9¢ per gal., up 5¢ in a month. Says a philosophical Mobil station manager in Manhattan: "Customers get upset, but they pay anyway. They grumble, but what can they do?"

Motorists are perplexed by the price differences that they notice from region to region, city to city and even block to block. The reasons for the discrepancies are complex and varied. Taxes can make a big difference. In Chicago myriad federal, state, county and sales taxes add up to about 17¢ per gal. (the federal tax alone is 4¢). But in Houston levies total only 9¢, and lucky motorists there were tanking up on regular last week for only 60.9¢ per gal. at self-service stations. Freight charges vary from next to nothing in an oil-producing state like Texas, to as much as 2.5¢ per gal. for deliveries by some oil majors to Rocky Mountain regions.

Each major oil company charges almost exactly the same wholesale price to all its franchised dealers. Exxon's price to its dealers throughout the U.S. varies by as little as tenths of a cent a gallon for the same grade of gas. But the wholesale price can differ drastically from company to company. In Houston, for example, Exxon sells unleaded gasoline to its service stations for 56.9¢ per gal. and Phillips for 65.1¢, while Shell charges 61.8¢ for its premium unleaded. The oil companies have no control over the price at the pump. That is set by the individual franchise dealers, which is why the same brand of gas can vary widely from station to station.

Fully 62% of all U.S. service stations are now self-service operations, but the minority of dealers who offer full service tack on a few cents a gallon for pumping the gas, checking the tires and wiping the windshield. Many station owners still try to hold prices down in order to achieve high volume. "Rocky" Minetti, who manages an Esso station in Pittsburgh, maintained his price of 64.9¢ per gal. for unleaded right up to the end of last week,



In Fort Lauderdale

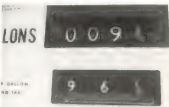
while other stations in his area were charging 68¢ to 75¢ per gal. His business doubled in seven days. Healthy competition can keep prices from rising, but competition is sharpest when there is a surplus of gasoline and weak demand, when supplies are tight.

The Government supposedly controls gasoline prices at all levels of the business, dealers are permitted markups based on their margins in 1973. But the formulas are complex, the nation's 250,000 service stations are tough to police, and many owners are marking their gas up to levels well above their individual federal

ceilings. Fines for those gougers who fail to post prices properly are as high as \$10,000 per day for each violation, but last year only about a dozen operators throughout the country were penalized by the Department of Energy.

Who is profiting from the increases? Like a circular firing squad, people in each sector of the gasoline business point to those in the other. All the major companies have raised their wholesale prices, and there is endless debate over whether or not these increases are justified by the rising costs that the firms must pay for oil. Since early November, Exxon has boosted its wholesale price for regular gas by 4.3%, to 47.9¢ per gal.; Mobil has lifted its price 10% to 51.9¢ per gal. and Amoco 11.4% to 50.6¢ per gal. The service station dealers then normally pass these wholesale increases on to their retail customers. The station owners commonly add 10¢ or more to the wholesale price in order to maintain their own margins. For many stations, these margins are not enough to keep abreast of inflation. Others can only offer a relatively small profit at the pump through their lucrative automobile service operations.

The Government has eased its controls lately so that dealers may now pass their increased costs for rent on to consumers. The DOE's new "tilt" clause offers much the same opportunity to the oil companies. Enacted three weeks ago, the measure will allow oil companies to pass their higher gasoline refining costs on to the dealer, thus probably setting off a new round of rises for the nation's drivers. ■



And much higher near Chicago last week

Energy

Cracking Open a Crude Scandal

Tripped in an old-new switch

The yearlong investigations have been clouded in mystery, covered with top-secret code words and confused by accusations of corruption and foot dragging on the part of some of the investigators. But last week the Texas oil-price scandal broke open a bit when a federal grand jury in Houston handed up criminal indictments charging two small oil companies and five of their executives with a multimillion-dollar rip-off. "This is just the tip of the iceberg," said a delighted J.A. ("Tony") Canales, the U.S. Attorney in Houston. "This is not a one-shot deal. It's just the first case, and there will be others,

maybe as soon as next month." The indictments, and the continuing investigations, center on violations of the Government's six-year-old, two-tier price structure for domestic crude. This sets a low rate (now an average \$5.65 per bbl.) for "old" oil already in production and, as an incentive for more exploration, a higher price (now \$12.53) for "new" finds. The fraud involves false certification and sale of the cheaper "old" oil as expensive "new," an easy matter of fixing papers to hide origins, since all the crude

retary-treasurer of the company, and Vice President Charles Akin. Charges were also filed against James Fisher, a former Uni vice president and part owner of Armada Oil Co., as well as against Ball Marketing Enterprise of Lafayette, La., and one of its oil brokers, Charles Goss. All who have commented have said they will plead not guilty. If convicted, they could be sentenced to as much as 20 years in prison.

The Government's case rests in part on information received from Albert B. Alkek, 68, an elusive Texas oil baron who was named by FORTUNE as one of America's invisible rich, worth about \$200 million. Although a star suspect who was described by a federal investigator as



Accused in oil fraud: Uni President Hajeate (left), his father (right) and informer Alkek (top). Rules that invite chicanery lead to rip-offs that could run into many millions.

mitted knowing about and not reporting the fraud and destroying a letter that would have documented the crime. After plea bargaining, he was given only a three-year suspended sentence and ordered to refund \$3.2 million of his excessive profits. The refunds will probably be deductible from his income taxes, say IRS authorities.

Partly on Alkek's testimony, the grand jury alleged that Uni was the linchpin of a yearlong swindle. Specifically, the jury charged that M&A Petroleum, a small company founded by Alkek, and Ball Marketing had conspired in 1976 to sell Uni nearly 740,000 bbl. of certified oil at prices from \$5.17 to \$5.48 per bbl. This oil was then illicitly recertified as new and sold to refineries at \$9.55 to \$14.45. The illegal profits came to as much as \$6 million.

These cases will not come to trial soon, but the multiple investigations into the oil-

price scandal by the FBI and the Department of Energy will continue, as will a probe by a subcommittee of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee into charges that some companies bribed federal investigators in Houston to go slow. Deputy Energy Secretary John O'Leary has estimated that the total value of old-new oil rip-offs could be \$500 million. Another DOE official said that one huge oil-price case "that dwarfs all previous cases" had just been handed over for criminal prosecution. Added DOE's chief spokesman, James Bishop: "The [two-tier] regulations invite chicanery. They are virtually an invitation to put old wine in new bottles."

Natural Gas Up

More cost, less drilling

Congress dangled a most attractive carrot before the eyes of gas producers when it passed the contentious and convoluted Natural Gas Policy Act late last year. Unfortunately, gas producers ate the carrot, and are now using the stick on U.S. consumers. The bill, which went into effect on Dec. 1, relaxed the ceiling on domestic natural gas prices, allowing them to rise closer to world market levels. Congress hoped that this would encourage producers to find more gas. Not so. In January and February, the number of wells drilled declined by 7% compared with the equivalent period a year ago.

Industry spokesmen contend that bad weather and their own difficulties in deciphering the bill's complex regulations limited their drilling. But industry had little trouble untangling the complexities of the price deregulation. Natural gas prices have begun to climb. Government experts and gas company executives expect increases of 18% to 25% this year in Chicago, New York City, Memphis, Louisville and elsewhere. A similar rise is expected even in gas-rich Oklahoma over the next few months. The Department of Energy expects that the higher prices will cost U.S. consumers \$1.7 billion to \$2 billion in 1979.

Senator James Sasser, a Tennessee Democrat and chairman of the Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations, which is looking into the economics of the gas industry, thinks that gas inflation will get even worse. He figures that relaxing the ceiling on gas prices may cost Americans as much as \$5 billion. Says Sasser: "The ceiling prices are becoming floor prices."

Seventy-two percent of the gas now going out to consumers is bound under long-term contract at the old price of 75¢ per thousand cubic feet. But many of these contracts are about to expire. So, as more gas comes onto the market at the new prices of between \$1.99 and \$2.26 per thousand cubic feet, consumers will be hit with increases.

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Medicine



"Then it's agreed: my appendix for your contact lenses. But this is the last time."

Billing the Doc

Bye-bye to that Christmas bird

Faced with a hefty bill from a physician, many people may turn to a young son or daughter and say: "Become a doctor. Then we won't have medical bills to worry about." That may soon be poor advice. Though physicians have long ministered to colleagues and their families free of charge, such professional courtesy, as it is euphemistically called, is now fast dying out. By the time Junior gets an M.D., the practice may in fact be as rare as the house call.

As with so much else in contemporary medicine, the issue is largely economic. No longer are the time-honored Christmas gifts of turkeys, bottles of bourbon and frivolous gadgetry that doctors give one another for professional courtesy enough to make up for the dent in income. Complains Hollywood, Fla., Pediatrician Edward J. Saltzman: "We are giving away \$40,000 or \$50,000 worth of care a year." Indeed, to cover the deficits, doctors may simply charge other patients more. As Pittsburgh Pediatrician Jerome Wolfson explains, "Paying patients are carrying the nonpaying patients."

Doctors concede that this kind of fraternal "charity" hardly seems appropriate any longer for a group with such high incomes. But a more telling criticism of professional courtesy is that it can be a barrier to good medical care. For one thing, the donor physician often feels exploited and overburdened. Says Pediatrician Lee Bass, Wolfson's partner: "There is a subtle difference in how you feel about people who get free care in your office and those who pay." Also, doctors and their families frequently have misgivings about taking up another doctor's time. The result: quick, inadequate "curbside consultations" in hospital corridors or at parties, or dangerous delays in seeking

medical treatment for a serious illness.

Some traditionalists are distressed by all the talk of abandoning professional courtesy. After Wolfson and Bass denounced the no-fee practice as a relic in an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, it received a spate of critical letters. Gastroenterologist William Haubrich of La Jolla, Calif., protested that proffering a bill to a fellow doctor smacks of commercialism and erodes the strong feelings of fraternalism in the medical community. Oklahoma City Internist Ernest Warner Jr. added: "One of the greatest honors one can receive is to be asked by a fellow physician to care for his or her family."

The trend, though, is toward charging. Psychiatrists long ago decided to bill all patients, including fellow doctors. Hospitals too have largely given up the practice of free care, as have many surgeons, especially since most doctors have health insurance to cover the bills. Thus, as Boston Pediatric Radiologist John Leonidas points out, "with all these third-party payers, professional courtesy is ultimately going to be obsolete anyway."

Live-In Monkeys

Helpers for the handicapped

Even when they live at home, quadriplegics and other severely paralyzed people often must rely on the costly services of attendants to help them with simple everyday chores. Now a young researcher at Tufts-New England Medical Center thinks she has found a cheaper, possibly better way: just as guide dogs serve as eyes for the blind, says Psychologist Mary Joan Willard, 28, so small trained monkeys can act as hands, arms and legs for the handicapped.

Willard conceived her novel idea while doing postdoctoral work under famed Behaviorist B.F. Skinner, who has

managed such unlikely feats of animal training as teaching pigeons to play Ping Pong. Encouraged by Skinner, Willard decided to turn to primates as aides for the paralyzed because of the animals' grasping ability. She settled on capuchin monkeys. Only 1½ ft. high, they have long been used by organ-grinders, are highly intelligent, far more malleable than larger monkeys, and can live up to 30 years.

With a \$1,000 grant from the Tufts rehabilitation department, Willard purchased two laboratory-bred capuchins named Crystel and Tish, at a cost of \$350 each. Willard spent nearly a year training them with Skinner's trial-and-reward techniques and finally felt ready to turn them over to two handicapped people. One was a Mystic, Conn., woman who worked with Tish for three months before the experiment was halted. The other was William Powell, 31, who has been paralyzed from the shoulders down, except for partial use of his right arm (though not his hand), since a motorcycle accident a decade ago.

In the six months that Crystel has lived with Powell, she has learned to feed him—albeit sloppily. On signals from Powell with a flashlight-pointer, she will also turn lights on and off, fetch such small articles as keys, books and slippers, open doors, place records on a stereo turntable and put things back in their places. Says Powell: "Crystel has her own personality, and she won't take any guff."

Willard concedes that only a few of the 38,000 quadriplegic Americans may want to live with a monkey, just as only about 5% of all blind people rely on guide dogs. But she believes a sufficient need exists for less costly live-in assistance. By summer, Willard hopes to obtain foundation funding so she can prepare more of the little organ-grinder monkeys as helpers for the handicapped.



William Powell being fed by roommate

Intelligent, malleable but no guff.

Law

Bringing Justice to China

Starting from scratch will not be easy for the new regime

"No law, no heaven" is an old Chinese way of describing lawlessness. China's new rulers might put it more practically: no law, no Four Modernizations program to improve agriculture, industry, defense, and science and technology. "It is essential to strengthen the socialist legal system if we are to bring great order across the land," says Chairman Hua Kuo-feng. That means assuring bureaucrats, intellectuals and skilled workers essential to China's development that they will not be summarily sent off to the rice paddies or driven to suicide, as they of-

ters were almost nonexistent, and judges were largely untrained in the law. In the late '60s the Peking *People's Daily* ran an editorial titled "In Praise of Lawlessness," condemning law as a bourgeois restraint on the revolutionary masses.

Though the Cultural Revolution stretched lawlessness to an extreme, China never has had much use for formal litigation and lawyers. Ever since Confucius, the Chinese have valued collective harmony over the assertion of individual rights and the adversary system now characteristic of American justice. Lawyers

terminate, not many Chinese go to jail. For instance, Shanghai (pop. 10.8 million) has only 2,600 inmates in its prison, giving the city an incarceration rate about one-sixth that of the U.S. Chinese authorities claim that the recidivism rate is less than 1%, and that escape is almost unheard of. Asks a Shanghai prison official: "Where would they go to hide?"

All this may seem enviable to Americans besieged by high crime and bogged down in litigiousness. Indeed, some U.S. reformers point to China's neighborhood mediation as a cheaper, less fractious way of settling minor disputes than burdening the already choked courts. But there is a darker side. Many criminals who do not go to prison wind up in forced labor camps, as do people who have committed political offenses. Because of the more liberal new climate, the Peking press is now full of stories castigating local Communist Party bosses for running their own prisons, factory leaders for locking up and torturing workers, and village party leaders for abusing peasants. Chinese papers regularly announce reversals of unfair punishment meted out by the discredited Gang of Four, the radical clique headed by Mao's wife that was driven out of power shortly after Mao died in September 1976. Typical is the case of three Chinese students sentenced to hard labor in 1974 for demanding "legality and democracy" in China. Last January, they were released and "rehabilitated."

Another sign of liberalization is the revival of *Fifteen Strings of Cash*, a 300-year-old opera about an upright Manchurian judge who reverses the convictions of innocents who had been tortured till they confessed. Banned for a decade by Mao's wife, the opera is now playing on stage and screen to packed theaters all over China. Wall posters are even beginning to call for "equality under the law," formerly an area taboo for public discussion. PUBLIC TRIALS ARE WONDERFUL, proclaimed a Peking newspaper last fall, boasting that there had been five trials in six months in Soochow, a city of 1 million people.

Public trials are likely to become more frequent, predicts Columbia University Law School's China Expert Randle Edwards. But, he adds, they will serve mostly to educate the public and allow a defendant to plead for leniency. For the most part, guilt or innocence will be determined before trial by police investigation. The important question is how fair that investigation will be. Asks Jerome Cohen, director of East Asian legal studies at Harvard Law School: "How long can the defendant be held before sentencing? Can you keep him hungry all the time? Can his cell mate work him over? Can his interrogators frighten him and lie to him?" These questions, also once forbidden areas, are now being debated on



A Chinese courtroom in Shanghai awaits the promised public trials

No more editorials "in praise of lawlessness" and fewer "forbidden areas."

ten were under Mao. Fear of government highhandedness, party leaders now admit, has been running rampant. To boost morale and bring great order, the resurgent moderates who now run China last year adopted a constitution that provides for open and fair trials, and they have promised a new criminal code within the year. Foreign investors will also get legal protection from China, which sorely needs infusions of technology and capital (goal: \$100 billion by 1985).

But creating a rule of law will be difficult for a country that has had virtually no formal legal system for almost two decades. After they came to power in 1949, the Communists issued some Soviet-style statutes, but the system withered away during the Cultural Revolution. Public trials were few and mainly for show; law-

did not practice privately in China until after the 1911 Nationalist revolution, because laws banned the "fomenting" of litigation, lest it disturb the smooth fabric of Confucian society. "It is better to enter a tiger's mouth than a court of law," goes another Chinese proverb.

Thus disputes have long been resolved outside the courtroom. Under the Communists, community and factory mediation committees have handled small matters, like bicycle collisions or family squabbles. The emphasis is on conciliation and confession, sometimes extracted at "struggle sessions" between the offender and his neighbors or co-workers. More serious crimes, like robbery or rape, are dealt with by the police, usually with party officials looking over their shoulders. Although the crime rate is hard to de-



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Law

wall posters and in newspaper articles.

The 1978 constitution revived the procuracy, an agency that is supposed to guard against arbitrary arrests. Police who make an arrest must obtain approval of it within a week from the procuracy, although there is no limit on how long a prisoner can be held before trial. The new criminal code is expected to prohibit frame-ups, forced confessions and illegal house searches. It may also stipulate punishments, including the death sentence (by firing squad), for treason, murder and certain other serious offenses. But people sentenced to death will often be given two years of hard labor during which to repent. In this instance the new leaders quote Mao, who said: "Once a head is chopped off, it cannot grow again as chives do."

Equally important to restoring morale—and productivity—will be a system of economic laws and courts. Agreements to supply a factory with a quantity and type of materials at a certain time and price have to be reliable, which means setting up a system to enforce contracts. Though the Chinese are not likely to admit it, their economic courts to handle deals between state-run factories and agencies will probably be patterned on the Soviet Union's sophisticated arbitration system.



The philosopher Confucius

Collective harmony over individual rights.

Joint ventures between China and capitalist companies face an obstacle in the new constitution, which guarantees the people the ownership of the means of production. Chinese bureaucrats have been studying Yugoslavia to see how it reconciles Communism with capitalist undertakings. The Chinese have also been finding out how Japan deals with foreign

patents. Laws to protect foreign property and profits are being drafted. Says Wang Chia-fu, one of the drafters of the new legal code: "We will follow the general principle of mutual benefit. If only one side benefits, then we won't have much trade."

A major roadblock facing China's attempts to set up a legal system is cost. Training a few experts to handle the legal aspects of trade is easy, says Harvard's Cohen. The Chinese Council for the Promotion of International Trade already has a staff of 40, headed by a chemist, to negotiate foreign contracts. But Cohen estimates that a full-scale court system for China's 1 billion people would take well over 200,000 trained judges, prosecutors and lawyers. Since 1949 Peking University's law faculty has produced only 1,000 graduates; this year there will be 60. China's need for many more lawyers will inevitably collide with its urgent need for other skilled professionals, like engineers and physicists.

There is also the risk that if a legal bureaucracy becomes too entrenched, a new generation of radicals will come along and start another round of lawlessness. Communist China's previous efforts in developing formal legal codes were cut off by anti-rightist crackdowns. Such are China's cycles that some of the people who drafted those stillborn laws are now being rehabilitated to work on the new ones. One



For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send \$2 to Box 929-T, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

reason why China can hope to produce a code in a short time is that the drafters can just dust off and update some of those old laws.

In any case, a rule of law, American style, would put restraints on the rule of the Communist Party, which under the 1978 constitution remains China's final authority. The constitution continues to distinguish between the "people," who enjoy its protection, and vaguely defined "enemies," like "rich peasants," "counter-revolutionaries," "landlords," and such "bad elements" as the "newborn bourgeois," who do not.

The most infamous members of this enemy group are the Gang of Four, who have yet to be tried, more than two years after they were arrested. "Our struggle against the Gang of Four is a very sharp and complicated class struggle, a life and death struggle," says Chang Chung-lin, a deputy director of research at Peking's Law Institute, "and people who have experience in such struggles know quite well that they are difficult to deal with and still go through all necessary legal procedures." Until recently the "enemies" made up as much as 5% of the population, but the list has been shortened this winter as various "capitalists" and "landlords" have been restored their rights and in some cases their property.

Unlike U.S. judges, Chinese judges have not been independent, but beholden



In a newly popular 300-year-old opera, an upright judge reverses the conviction of innocents
Wall posters are beginning to call for equality under the law.

to the party. A Central Committee communiqué issued in December hints at the debate now going on with this waffling message: "Prosecutorial and judicial organizations must maintain their independence as is appropriate."

The Communist Party, at once seeking to improve public morale with fair laws and to maintain its total control, is

left awkwardly balanced. Explains another deputy director of the Law Institute, Li Pu-yun: "Everyone in China, including party members, is under the law. But at the same time we don't think the law should be almighty." The compromise may be less than satisfactory, but still it is an improvement over the "lawlessness" Peking praised only a decade ago.

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Music

Anti-Wagner

The Met's Radical Dutchman

The time may come when Brünnhilde will pole-vault to her immolation, when Lohengrin will wear a T shirt with his name on it. Wagner was a composer with a bold theatrical imagination; one might think that his instructions would occupy directors for centuries. Instead, his works have been attracting a group of radical revisionists in Europe; among them Götz Friedrich, Harry Kupfer, and Patrice Chéreau, whose *Ring* cycle set in the industrial revolution remains the standard for irreverence.

Anti-Wagner finally arrived at the Metropolitan Opera with French Director Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's production of *The Flying Dutchman*, the tale of a legendary captain condemned to sail forever unless he is able to find a woman faithful until death. Every seven years he can come ashore to search for her, and in a Norwegian fishing village he finds Senta, a girl obsessed by fantasy who believes that she is his redeemer. It is a straightforward story, but Ponnelle has turned it all into the lurid dream of a young steersman. This allows him to dress Senta in an elab-



Nebbett as Senta in *The Flying Dutchman*
A fresh view or mischief-making?

orate richly embroidered bridal gown and to make the opera into a series of nightmares and arresting tableaux. As thoroughgoing iconoclasm requires, Ponnelle also flouts the libretto. Wagner's Senta leaps into the sea to prove her love; Ponnelle's walks rigidly up the decks to the ghostly Dutchman's cabin.

The opening-night audience greeted all this with a mixed but emphatic response. There were cheers for the buoyant conducting of James Levine and the splendid ensemble of Soprano Carol Nebbett, Tenor William Lewis, Bass-Baritone José van Dam and Bass Paul Pliska. The applause for Ponnelle was mixed with full-throated booing sounds, heard often enough on the Continent but rarely at the Met. New York audiences like their Wagner to be conventional.

Was this new version a fresh view or just mischief making? Ponnelle did not choose the framework of a dream gratuitously. Senta's reveries verge on hallucination. Other characters sing of their dreams. By eliminating intermission breaks Ponnelle keeps his own vision flying. He also makes a point: it was time for the Met to present an example of the most exciting, if divisive, opera productions now being staged.

—Martha Duffy

Living

Mobile Motel

Inn with all aboard

At the end of their golf game or after a tour of a Napa Valley winery, the guests climb aboard their two-story inn. Then, after drinks and a meal, they watch movies in the lounge and roll on to the next stop. They are passengers on the newest thing in pampered tourism: the mobile motel. The Snoozer, as it is inevitably known, is a live-aboard bus with a bar, kitchen, sky lounge and eight mahogany-paneled passenger rooms, each with two beds, shower and toilet, radio, closed-circuit television, closet, dresser, heating and air conditioning. The first of ten vehicles to be eventually acquired by the nationally franchised Travel Network Corp. went into operation this month in Arizona, Nevada and California.

Built by the West German firm of Neoplan Co. for some \$600,000, the 59.4-ft.-long Snoozer consists of two double-decker cars, joined by

an accordion-like hinge, on an air-suspended chassis; it can traverse the bumpiest byway. Powered by a 10-cylinder, 400-h.p. Daimler-Benz diesel engine, the superbus can reach 80 m.p.h. and is as high and wide as the law permits (13.12 ft. by 8.2 ft.); a six-footer can walk its length without stooping.

The minimum daily rate on the wayward inn is \$75 a person, double occupancy, which includes a Continental breakfast. Snoozers will be available both

for charters and scheduled tours, and Travel Network President Barry Jones expects a wide variety of guests. "With the Snoozer," he says, "we're not in the business of transporting people from A to B. The bus is really the destination."

The greatest demand is for long-weekends. The Snoozer is especially popular with golfers, who can play three far-flung courses in a weekend—for example, Las Vegas, Lake Havasu City, Ariz., and Palm Springs, Calif.—with the bus traveling at night. However, the company has lined up 18 charters for events like the Calgary, Alta., Stampede in July, the Superbowl in Pasadena, Calif., next January and the Winter Olympics in February at Lake Placid, N.Y., where local housing has already been rented in advance at astronomical prices. Other future charters include a seven-day tour of Bryce Canyon and Zion National Park in Utah in September, a week's tour of the Grand Canyon in August, and next month, a rock group has booked the Snoozer for the first leg of a West Coast concert tour.



California Snoozer guests relax in the upper-level sky lounge dining area
Wherever it may roll, the wayward superbus is a destination in itself.

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Mavis Lindgren had been subject to colds all her life. At two she had whooping cough, at 13 tuberculosis, and until middle age she was afflicted by chest colds that turned into pneumonia three times.

Then, at age 62, with her doctor's blessing, Mavis started running because she thought it would help her.

Obviously, it has. Now 71, Mavis says, "After I started running I never had another cold. I've been sick once in nine years. I had a real bad flu. I had it for three hours."

Mavis Lindgren and an estimated 10 million other joggers in America feel running keeps them healthy. It's something Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans believe in, too. We're convinced that people who exercise and stay fit help slow down the rise in health care costs.

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But controlling health care costs without sacrificing quality is a tough problem. One we all have to work on together.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are actively promoting exercise, fitness and other health programs. Naturally, we'd like you to use common sense, see your doctor and don't overdo it at first.

But if you're concerned about high health care costs, do as Mavis Lindgren and millions of other Americans are doing.

Run away from them.

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Television

Mister Dugan Is Voted Out

A show about blacks is yanked before it appears

"H"e's got a redheaded knockout for an aide. A good ole Southern boy for an adviser. He's one funny, wild and crazy guy." So read CBS's ad for *Mister Dugan* in *TV Guide*, and lots of viewers were probably looking forward to seeing that funny, wild and crazy guy last Sunday night, not to mention the redheaded knockout. But a not very funny thing happened on the way to the tube: just three days before the show was supposed to go on the air, Norman Lear's T.A.T. Communications Co. suddenly yanked it away, leaving CBS, which was still promoting it Thursday morning, with a yawning hole in the Sunday schedule.

The trouble was that *Mister Dugan*, who was played by Cleavon Little, was not only black but also a Congressman. After consulting with blacks in Los Angeles and Washington, Lear decided that *Mister Dugan* was not the sort of man he would want to vote for. "We felt we were ineffectively presenting a black Congressman as a role model," he says. "We want our black legislator to do as good a job showing how compassionate a politician can be as Marcus Welby did in showing how good a doctor could be. It's painful for me not to air it."

It was even more painful for CBS, which is trying to gain ground in the ratings on ABC. Sunday is the network's best night, starting with *60 Minutes* and *All in the Family*, both of which are in Nielsen's top ten, and ending with the still untested *Just Friends* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Hour*. *Mister Dugan* was given the favored 8:30 spot after *All in the Family* and was expected to provide a strong bridge to *Alice*. Lear's cancellation, probably unprecedented at such a late date, confounded CBS's programmers. They apparently had nothing else new to replace it and filled the gap with another episode of *Alice*, putting one right behind the other. Network executives, understandably miffed at Lear, sent out a terse announcement: "The CBS television network was fully prepared to broadcast the new series as scheduled."

Other series have been canceled before they appeared on the air, both by the producing companies and by the networks, but no one could remember another show's having been killed so close to its premiere. Part of the problem, apparently, was that Little was a last-minute choice, replacing John Amos (*Good Times*) who had demanded unacceptable creative control. Part of the problem also was CBS's rush for a new series,



Representative Dugan with his maid

8:30(2) • MISTER DUGAN: Situation comedy. A freshman Congressman (Cleavon Little) finds himself caught between his own idealism and his politically pragmatic staff



Discussing strategy with assistant (Barbara Rhoades)
A wild guy and memories of Algonquin J. Calhoun.

which left T.A.T. with little time for second thoughts.

Despite Lear's statement about killing the show because it failed to present a good role model, his exact motives are in dispute. He claims that he first knew the show was in trouble March 2, nine days before air time, when T.A.T. President Alan Horn told him that he did not like it. Lear screened the first episode and agreed, then invited ten young blacks to watch it and talk about it at his house. They hated it. Lear next took it to Washington, where he showed it to members of the Black Congressional Caucus, real-life black Representatives. When they were also outraged by it, Lear says, he decided to drop the show, three episodes of which had already been shot at a cost of something like \$700,000. Members of the Black Caucus, however, say that they tried to approach Lear when they read about the show in January. He refused to return phone calls, they say, until they put pressure on him through California friends. What T.A.T. and the Congressmen do agree on is that they hated *Mister Dugan*. "It was a reversion to the Stepin' Fetchit syndrome," says Representative Mickey Leland, one of the Black Caucus members who saw the show. "The man was totally controlled by his white staffers. The central character rolls his eyes and reminds me of Algonquin J. Calhoun, the lawyer on the old *Amos and Andy* series. From beginning to end, I'd say the caucus was terribly disappointed. Disgusted would be a better word."

Lear denies that he succumbed to pressure and says that he usually solicits comments about series before they are broadcast. "I have called in the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, Catholic groups, the National Institute of Mental Health and others," he says. "We have a high social conscience, and we want to get the story right. We do not favor the short-term gain over the long-term public interest. Dropping the show was an exercise in that commitment."

Maybe, but some of his associates think that Lear, who has withdrawn from day-to-day TV production to concentrate on movies, is also committed to a possible political career for Norman Lear. He has been active in the "dump Carter" movement in California, and went so far as to circulate an open letter among selected employees. "It was a shocking thing to do," says one writer. "He had an ad for us to sign, even though, presumably, not all of us are anti-Carter or even Democrats." With all the confusion and counterclaims, Lear might supply CBS with a whole new series, a mystery entitled *The Killing of Mister Dugan*.

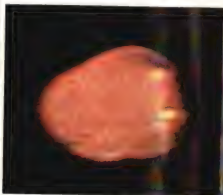
Science

There's a Ring, By Jupiter

And some startling moons too

He may have had his hands full with more down-to-earth problems last week, but even President Carter took time out to watch an otherworldly show as the Voyager 1 spacecraft made its closest approach to the giant planet Jupiter. Coming within 278,000 km (172,400 miles) of the swirling Jovian cloud tops, the robot survived intense radiation, peered deep into the planet's storm-tossed cloud cover, provided startling views of the larger Jovian moons and, most surprising of all, revealed the presence of a thin, flat ring around the great planet. Said University of Arizona astronomer Bradford Smith: "We're standing here with our mouths open, reluctant to tear ourselves away."

There was every reason for exhilaration. As Voyager curved around the sun's largest planet at speeds up to 104,600 km



The "pizza" surface of Io (left); tiny Amalthea (above)

(65,000 miles) per hour, the craft performed nearly flawlessly, its probing eyes and instruments shifting between Jupiter and its moons. As one startling picture after another flashed onto the screens at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, even Cornell's irrepressible Carl Sagan was left nearly speechless. Said he: "This is almost beyond interpretation. There's different chemistry, different physics, different forces at work out there."

The close encounter lasted 39 tense hours, during which Voyager sent back enough data to fill up miles of magnetic tape and keep scientists busy for years ahead. But Voyager has already opened up new worlds for them. Ablaze with colors of every shade and hue, speckled with strange, often puzzling features, the Jovian moons prompted oohs and aahs from even the most seasoned scientists.

As the center of a kind of mini-solar system, Jupiter is surrounded by at least 13 moons, and possibly a 14th. The four



largest—Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto—are the so-called Galilean moons (named after their discoverer). Like the earth's moon, they are large enough to be considered small planets, but appeared as little more than fuzzy blobs in earth-bound telescopes. Now, Voyager's cameras have found that these moons are not only complex but also markedly different, their surfaces varying greatly in age, composition and appearance. Observed the U.S. Geological Survey's Laurence Soderblom: "There is no such thing as a boring Galilean moon."

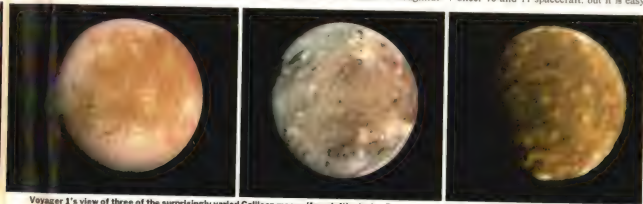
The surface of Callisto, the outermost of these moons, is riddled with craters, apparently the result of pummeling by meteorites for some 4 billion years. Although it is mountainless, Callisto has a feature never before seen in the solar system: a huge, smooth, circular basin rimmed with concentric ridges that look almost like a frozen tsunami (tidal wave). Appearances may not be entirely deceiving: the scientists speculated that these ridges were created when a particularly large meteorite hit, melted subsurface ice and caused the water to spread out from the place of impact, only to freeze rapidly again.

Neighboring Ganymede, like Callisto, is at least half composed of water and



ly smooth, indicating that it is extremely young (10 million to 100 million years). It appears to have few impact (as opposed to volcanic) craters—the only rocky body discovered so far bereft of such markings. Scientists speculate that some unusual erosional process must be at work; possibly Io is scoured by the strong bombardment of charged particles from Jupiter. No wonder: Io lies inside a doughnut-

that the NASA team delayed making the information public for several days while the data were checked and rechecked. Saturn was long the only planet known to have rings and considered to be the only one that could have them. In 1977 that theory was shattered with the discovery of rings around the planet Uranus. Jupiter itself was surveyed earlier by the Pioneer 10 and 11 spacecraft, but it is easy



Voyager 1's view of three of the surprisingly varied Galilean moons (from left): elusive Europa, fractured Ganymede and crater-ridden Callisto

ice. It shows sinuous ridges and crisscrossing fractures that look like earthly fault lines—possibly caused by what Soderblom calls "water quakes." Ganymede's surface is less cratered than Callisto's and only a fourth its age, about 1 billion years.

Voyager got only a far-off passing glimpse of the second Galilean moon, Europa. Scientists will get a better look in July, when a twin spacecraft, Voyager 2, also veers by Jupiter. And any disappointment about Europa was quickly offset by Voyager's dramatic encounter with Io, innermost of the Galilean moons.

A brilliant orange-red, Io (rhymes with My-Oh!) is almost as phenomenal as its mother planet. It is scarred with plateaus, dry plains, highlands and fault lines. It has at least one large, possibly still active volcano with a diameter of about 50 km (30 miles). All of which has prompted scientists to dub Io the pizza in the sky.

Io's surface, however, is surprising-

shaped radiation belt, Jupiter's so-called flux tube, where Voyager measured fields that crackled with 400,000 watts of electricity.

Voyager also passed near Amalthea, Jupiter's innermost moon, until now only a pinpoint of light discernible to the most exacting astronomer. This tiny non-Galilean moon emerged as a strangely elongated object about 130 km (80 miles) high by 220 km (136 miles) long.

The most unexpected phenomenon, however, occurred when Voyager began detecting a stream of matter inside the orbit of Amalthea. Fortunately, mission controllers had preprogrammed the camera shutter to remain open for 11.2 minutes on the remote chance—one not took the possibility very seriously—that Jupiter had some kind of ring. To everyone's amazement, Voyager's time exposure produced a streaky image that the scientists could explain only as a ring of boulder-size debris. The findings seemed so unlikely

to see why no Jovian ring was found. Jupiter's is almost paper thin, perhaps 1 km (0.6 miles) high, and impossible to view from earth.

Like other successful space probes, Voyager 1 has raised as many questions as it answered. It managed to look deep into Jupiter's Great Red Spot but provided no explanation for what causes this huge, hurricane-like storm center. Yet scientists are convinced that the \$400 million mission will pay off in valuable new insights into the solar system. As Caltech's Edward Stone points out, "We may learn something about the evolution of the earth and where it is going."

Voyager is now going to keep a November 1980 date with Saturn. After that it will head farther out into space. Though its nuclear-powered instruments will no longer be functioning, it bears tidings from earth: a golden record that will play greetings in 60 languages—if anyone out there is willing to listen.

Cinema



The tribe, led by Treat Williams (right), lets loose to Choreographer Twyla Tharp's shaggy dance steps in *Hair*

A Mid-'60s Night's Dream

HAIR Directed by Milos Forman; Screenplay by Michael Weller

The film version of *Hair* is proof that real miracles can happen in show business. If ever a project looked doomed, it was this one. *Hair's* source, the 1968 Broadway hit, was a largely plotless, if tuneful, show that homogenized the '60s for theater audiences; even at the time, it was dated. The movie's creators—Czech-born Director Milos Forman, Playwright Michael Weller, Choreographer Twyla Tharp—have never previously negotiated the perilous tides of movie musicals. Add a largely unproven cast and a grand budget, and you can see just how hairy an undertaking this movie was. One false move, and *Hair* would have congealed into *Grease*.

There are no false moves. *Hair* succeeds at all levels—as lowdown fun, as affecting drama, as exhilarating spectacle and as provocative social observation. It achieves its goals by rigorously obeying the rules of classic American musical comedy: dialogue, plot, song and dance blend seamlessly to create a juggernaut of excitement. Though every cut and camera angle in *Hair* appears to have been carefully conceived, the total effect is spontaneous. Like the best movie musicals of the '50s (*Singin' in the Rain*) and the '60s (*A Hard Day's Night*), *Hair*

leaps from one number to the next. Soon the audience is leaping too.

Scenarist Weller is best known for *Moonchildren*, his fine, reflective play about lost renegades of the '60s. He has written *Hair* as a witty cross between *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the 1949 MGM musical *On the Town*. The story begins as Claude (John Savage, of *The Deer Hunter*), an Oklahoma farm boy, arrives in Manhattan for a final day of liberty before induction into the Army. Like the World War II sailors of *On the Town*, Claude plans to take in the tourist sights, but he is quickly seduced by more hedonistic pleasures. Falling in with a tribe of long-haired dropouts, he soon discov-

ers countercultural drugs and politics. Thanks to a whimsically funny plot twist, he also falls in love with Sheila (the voluptuous but innocent Beverly D'Angelo), a debutante he gallantly rescues from the upper-crust sobriety of Short Hills, N.J.

If portrayed literally, Claude's odyssey to self-awareness would be as hokey as Hollywood's "trip" movies of the '60s, like *Easy Rider*. Instead, *Hair* presents the decade in the terms of balletic myth. The passions of a generation are poured into a single setting, Central Park, on a single enchanted night. The park becomes an idealized, but never sentimentalized, recreation of the brief-lived utopias that once sprang up in Haight-Ashbury, Woodstock and the East Village. Yet Weller does not get carried away by his conceit. His characters talk like people, not platitudinous flower children, and their all too innocent dream does not last

forever. Eventually the tribe must leave its forest idyl behind to confront the wintry realities of a society gripped by an irrational war.

Weller has not only translated the recent past into a creative vision, but he has also mastered the difficult craft of musical screenwriting. His spare, precise dialogue always lets the songs and dances advance the movie's story and meaning. He has done this job so brilliantly that the Galt MacDermot-James Rado-Gerome Ragni score, though virtually unchanged, carries far more dramatic, sa-

John Savage and Beverly D'Angelo after a Central Park swim



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	tar mg.	nicotine mg.
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Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
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Cinema

tirical and emotional weight than it did on the stage. *Aquarius* is now *Hair's* equivalent to *On the Town's* New York, New York opening: it simultaneously defines the film's characters and relationships, its stylistic plan and emotional tone. The show's novelty numbers (*Sodomy*, *Black Boys*) now have narrative and thematic functions that bring resonance to their facile lyrics. MacDermot's music is still closer to Tin Pan Alley than rock, but with the help of strong voices and orchestrations, it is rich in theatrical color.

Forman executes the numbers with a resourcefulness that never flags. His camera and editing are in perfect harmony with Tharp's shaggily informal dance patterns; rarely has a musical's choreography flowed so naturally out of the movement of its nonmusical scenes. Though the cast is high-powered, the director dominates the movie. Here, for the first time, Forman has fused the sweet good humor of his Czech comedies with the energy of his *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Nowhere is this more apparent than in *Hair's* first showstopper, *I Got Life*, which is also a homage to Forman's previous film about '60s runaways, *Taking Off* (1971). When Berger (Treat Williams), the leader of the tribe, crashes a society party and then dances across a long, lavishly set luncheon table, the director creates a riotous but somehow benign paradigm of deadlocked cultural confrontation.

Blessed with an immigrant's sense of objectivity, Forman also does right by the adults and authority figures who appear in *Hair*. Parents, preppies and even some Army officers are treated as generously as the young rebels. Nor are the two groups all that different: the tribe members come from comfortable middle-class backgrounds. Though Sheila gradually sheds her straight wardrobe, she never quite loses her suburban mores. Claude's first acid visions are not of psychedelic rainbows but of home, church, marriage and happiness ever after.

Still, this point is not made at the expense of the decade's genuine divisions. When Claude goes into basic training, *Hair* meets the war head on. Once again, song and dance are the vehicles of expression, and, amazingly enough, the anger of the time is conveyed without trivialization or pretension. Rather than bring battle carnage into their musical, which would be tasteless, the film makers unleash their arsenal of art. In the spectacularly edited finale, *The Flesh Failures/Let the Sunshine In*, Forman at once resolves the plot, reopens the national wounds of Viet Nam and pulls back to bring the whole movie into a historical perspective. It is a shocking, knockout blow, but, aesthetically speaking, it is not below the belt. Even when *Hair* crashes from the blissful dreams of the '60s into the nightmares, it never loses its pulsating musical heartbeat.

—Frank Rich



Elizabeth Wilson, Meryl Streep and Kathleen Quinlan in a scene from *Taken in Marriage*

Theater

Cornfessional

TAKEN IN MARRIAGE
by Thomas Babe

Taken in Marriage is a garrulous, extended crying jag of a play. The characters engage in whiny monologues and duologues that exhume the bleached skeletons of their embittered relationships.

The setting is a New Hampshire church hall. The occasion is a wedding rehearsal that never does take place. The bride-to-be is Annie (Kathleen Quinlan). She is accompanied by her Aunt Helen (Elizabeth Wilson), her older sister Andrea (Meryl Streep) and her mother Ruth (Nancy Marchand), an unresigned widow. (Colleen Dewhurst played Ruth for a few performances but withdrew because of a prior commitment.) A fifth woman distinctly jars this ostensibly patrician clan. Dixie Avalon (Dixie Carter) is a breezy, purse-swinging entertainer who has been hired by one of the absent menfolk to sing *Oh Promise Me*, apparently as a prank. Dixie clearly plans to get cash for her trash.

As the afternoon wears on, the clan bitches it up, a diatribe here, a confessional secret there, a bilious distillation from atrabillious people. Andrea hates Annie because Daddy loved her more. Five marriages have not appeased her sense of loss. Out of vengeance or whim she has carried on an affair with Annie's fiancé. Callously neglected by her late husband, Ruth fervently argues that loy-

alty and fidelity are above price. Only Aunt Helen has shared untarnished love in a lesbian idyll with an aviatrix now long dead. It is an odd angle of vision that permits Playwright Babe to present this as the sole satisfactory relationship.

A resistance to close human bonds is characteristic of the people in most of Babe's plays. They are intimate with each other only when they are locked in physical or verbal violence. In *A Prayer for My Daughter*, a police detective who could have prevented his daughter's suicide deliberately fails to do so by not answering her radio call for help. In *Fathers and Sons*, a mythic play about Wild Bill Hickok, neither friendship nor love escapes the carnage. In Babe's Civil War play *Rebel Women*, General Sherman says, "I have no passion for war." The plausibility gap in Babe's plays is that almost nothing arouses his characters' passions.

A superb cast lends *Taken in Marriage* a trace of conviction. There is an aching honesty to Quinlan's Annie as she tries to hold a mirror up to her troubled heart. Streep's alabaster features can convey icy disdain and mock merriment. Her voice is a bed of nails on which she sometimes lies in self-contempt. As Ruth, Dewhurst was a Rock of Gibraltar. Marchand is better suited to the role, a homebody with artistic impulses who needs a husband for ballast. Though she has her cranky moments, Wilson's Aunt Helen is a lamp of sanity, and if anyone could lift the evening out of the dumps, trust Carter's resilient Dixie. The play is that these five remarkable actresses have been taken in miscarriage.

—T.E. Kalem



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Religion

The Smugglers of the Word

In the Soviet bloc, going the Gideons one better

All over the West, Bibles are as handy as the nearest paperback bookstore or hotel room. But for harassed Christians in the Soviet Union, a Bible can cost more than two weeks' wages on the black market. Things are almost as bad, and sometimes worse, in many satellite nations. To fill the deeply felt need of millions, at the height of the cold war freelance couriers began systematic efforts to smuggle books to Christians in Eastern Europe. Today Bible smuggling is carried on by a network of at least 40 Protestant organiza-

tions since World War II. Many of these were later confiscated, however, or were simply unavailable to common people. TIME's David Aikman, who has just completed a tour as Eastern Europe bureau chief, reports that a Christian's chances of buying a Bible openly are currently good in Poland, erratic in East Germany, difficult in Czechoslovakia and Hungary (where the purchaser's name may go directly into a government dossier), extremely difficult in Rumania, virtually impossible in the Soviet Union and Bul-



A clandestine Communion service in the woods, photographed somewhere in the Soviet Union. Not wanted: those "after adventure" or anybody with a hippie look.

tions pursuing the world's most extraordinary missionary venture. Much support comes from U.S.-based organizations, notably L. Joe Bass's Underground Evangelism and Michael Wurmbrand's Jesus to the Communist World. At any one time, dozens of smugglers, both professionals and one-shot amateurs, may be crossing borders in Bible-bearing cars, vans or trains. The Bibles are given out free, paid for by Western contributors.

The political climate has changed considerably over the years, and there are those who question the usefulness of such trips now. Says General Secretary Robert Denny of the Baptist World Alliance: "There is no need to smuggle Bibles." Paul Hansen of the Lutheran World Federation, in a major attack on the smugglers, asserts that even if Bibles are sometimes needed, the very act of smuggling harms Soviet bloc churches.

The United Bible Societies reports that it has legally delivered 12 million Bibles or New Testaments to Eastern Eu-

rope since World War II. Many of these were later confiscated, however, or were simply unavailable to common people. TIME's David Aikman, who has just completed a tour as Eastern Europe bureau chief, reports that a Christian's chances of buying a Bible openly are currently good in Poland, erratic in East Germany, difficult in Czechoslovakia and Hungary (where the purchaser's name may go directly into a government dossier), extremely difficult in Rumania, virtually impossible in the Soviet Union and Bul-

garia. Buying a Bible is an out-and-out crime in Albania. Besides Bibles, the smugglers provide essential religious literature otherwise unobtainable. The professional smugglers themselves, a courageous and self-reliant lot who often hold passports from non-NATO nations, regard such discussions as academic. They know the joy they stir. Holland's "Brother Andrew" of Open Doors, the man who pioneered smuggling in 1957, tells of running a vanload of Russian-language Bibles into Czechoslovakia in 1968, surrounded by invading Soviet tanks. Later he got a letter from a mother in the Soviet Union: "Thank you for giving our son a Bible when he was occupying Czechoslovakia."

One organization has a well-guarded auto body shop that builds secret compartments; with ingenuity, 500 pocket-size Bibles can be stuffed into a Volkswagen bug. Besides literature, the teams sometimes bring in clothing, radios, even debugging equipment to foil police surveillance.

Though most recipients are Protestants, a Roman Catholic parish in Poland was smuggled a new motor for its pipe organ.

In the Soviet Union, the toughest target, 22 Bible-bearing vehicles were confiscated in 1977 alone. Border guards now come armed with probing tools and auto owners' manuals. Some border checkpoints are even equipped with terminals to Western-made computer systems to check the record of any driver they stop. Czechoslovak guards in 1977 barred the entry of an American woman when the computer informed them that she had been thrown out of the Soviet Union two years before for Bible smuggling. Most people caught in the act are simply questioned for a few hours and then refused entry. The longest prison term to date was 3½ years, given by Czechoslovakia.

Top organizers rarely act as couriers. In 1977 Sweden's Slavic Mission made the mistake of sending two well-informed officials into the Soviet Union. Police held them for nearly six months' interrogation and extracted damaging details on a number of networks, as well as plans to have young, Bible-toting Christians blitz the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

Most smugglers are ordinary businessmen or tourists on one-time trips. Usually they attend a crash course in how to handle themselves. In summer, hundreds of vacationing college kids turn up and volunteer. Those "after adventure" are turned down. So is anybody with a hippie look—customs officials are bound to check them for nonreligious contraband such as drugs or diamonds.

What about the deceit and lawbreaking such enterprise requires? Brother Andrew replies that God's command to evangelize takes precedence over Marxist law. But he insists that he has never lied at the border. "If they ask me, 'Do you have any Bibles?' I'll just smile and say, 'Yes, a lot!' But I pray hard before I go that they won't ask me that question."

Ironically, the long-term effectiveness of the Bible-smuggling operations now seems threatened by scandal in the U.S. Underground Evangelism and Jesus to the Communist World have lately struggled in a bitter and squalid feud run out of their California headquarters. The battle involves a \$1.5 million defamation suit rising from charges and countercharges made by Wurmbrand about Bass's personal behavior, and it threatens to spread to questions about Bass's ways of accounting for some of the \$8.7 million a year his group raises. The situation could take years to untangle. The two organizations together depend on contributions and account for nearly \$17 million of the estimated \$30 million a year raised for such ventures, and their embarrassing fight could do more harm to the program than anything Communist police and customs officers might dream up.

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Strangeness of the Stranger

ALBERT CAMUS

by Herbert R. Lottman; Doubleday
753 pages; \$16.95

The French have two words for it: *l'homme engagé*, a man involved in the ideas and actions of his time. Some definitions are more detailed, but only one is shorter: Camus. The name is enough to evoke the romantic figure of a revolutionary philosopher, fighter in the French underground, disillusioned radical and Nobel laureate, outfitted in trench-coat, hands cupped around the eternal cigarette. Bogart as existentialist.

Since Albert Camus's death in a 1960 car crash, these images have totally obscured the writer. Journalist Herbert R. Lottman's voluminous work attempts to sweep away rumor and legend in the hope that a man will emerge. But Camus is much too elusive for mere biography. After 753 pages, the subject seems as melodramatic in death as he was in life.

From his earliest days in Algeria, young Albert was transfused by irony. When he was eleven months old, his father was killed in the Battle of the Marne. The intellectual, curious boy was raised by an illiterate mother and grandmother. In adolescence he developed the physique of an athlete and the lungs of an invalid. By the age of 17 he was coughing blood, and soon afterward retired from the soccer field. Other arenas soon presented themselves. Not quite 21, Camus married Simone Hie, a beautiful young woman and a drug addict. Within a year the couple were estranged, and Camus began his life-long exploration of "the tender and reserved friendship of women." He became an actor-director in a workers' theater, a profession that taught him the value of public postures, and he joined the Communist Party, with which he would have his bitterest wrangles.

By 1939, the young writer had started a new life. He planned to marry again: Francine Faure, whose father had also died at the Marne. When Francine's sis-



Albert Camus puffs on his eternal cigarette and broods over postwar Paris

ter observed that Albert's ears stuck out of his head in simian fashion, Francine replied defensively, "The monkey is the animal closest to man." Three years later, the monkey was famous. Meursault, the anti-hero of Camus's first novel, *The Stranger*, characterized the Absurd Man who lives outside of sentiment or tradition: "Mother died today. Or, maybe, yesterday: I can't be sure...."

Jean-Paul Sartre hailed it as a new classic, and he was soon joined by a choir of enthusiasts. As Lottman notes, "Fame traveled by train in those times." It took some months for the author's reputation to reach beyond the precincts of Paris. By then, the Nazi-occupied city had other matters to contend with. Camus joined

the Free French, writing for the underground newspaper *Combat*.

The liberation of Paris in 1944 marked the freeing of talent and energy. Camus was awarded for wartime courage, oversaw the production of his flawed drama *Caligula* and began intensive work on *The Plague*, an allegory of moral infection and individual salvation. By the age of 35 he was a candidate for the Nobel, when he was 40 Camus found that his work, along with George Orwell's and Arthur Koestler's, was one of the rallying points for Europe's non-Communist left. His loathing for totalitarianism brought him into sharp conflict with Sartre, then in lockstep with the Stalinist party line. Much was made of Camus's ambiguous feelings about Algeria: the anti-imperialist could neither condone terrorism nor endorse France's colonial policies.

More and more he withdrew from public life, seeking the obscurity of the old days. He suffered from a crippling writer's block, and complained of sterility and decay. Even the Nobel, awarded in 1957, was perceived as both an honor and an invasion of privacy. "I'm castrated," he complained to a friend. The cry, like many of his statements, was pure theater. Yet as Lottman shows, Camus produced no more major work. He retreated

Excerpt

"Camus himself would turn pale, would be irritable, even belligerent, when he drank too much. Simone de Beauvoir was somewhere in the middle. She was obviously interested in Camus, while he confided to a friend that he stayed away from her because he feared she would talk too much in bed. Her caustic treatment of Camus in her memoirs has been ascribed to spite, just as Sartre was patently jealous of the younger man who could attract women even without the exploitation of his intellect and reputation. In fact, Beauvoir wasn't as caustic as all that in her memoirs; one finds tenderness there as well. A legend that circulated at the time had Camus saying to a respectable woman of letters: 'We have, dear friend, spent a marvelous evening evoking high-minded subjects, but, you see, if a wench walked by right now I'd drop you and follow her.'"

Books

to the sanctity of his home, to Francine and their twins, and was at work on a new novel, *The First Man*, when he was suddenly killed. He was eulogized everywhere, even Sartre wrote a lyric tribute. But the reputation swiftly diminished, and Camus's tone of stoicism and forbearance was swallowed in the crowd noises of the '60s. Only now has the canon been appraised as a coherent statement about the possibilities of secular salvation. One sentence in *The Fall*, Camus's last published novel, sums up a life and a work: "Don't wait for the Last Judgment. It takes place every day."

In a strenuous effort to help readers make their own last judgment about Camus, Lottman seems to have talked to everyone who ever shared an espresso or a bed with the author. But the book offers an utter catholicity of research and taste. The name of some forgotten dog competes with book critiques. Analysis of a philosophical essay mixes with scuttlebutt of a gossip column: a horoscope predicted a bad end; a Vassar campus newspaper considered the writer's visit to New York "one of the cultural events of the season."

At the violent conclusion, as at the start, Lottman's Camus is the projection of a cinematographer, made up of thousands of irrelevant and vital images that constitute a film—but which are, after all, only flickering suggestions of the truth. Even after this lengthy examination, readers must still be advised to go elsewhere on the shelf for the real Camus: you've seen the movie, now read the books.

—Stefan Kanfer

Green Thoughts

FIELDER'S CHOICE

Edited by Jerome Holtzman
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
395 pages; \$12.95

A spasmodic myth has it that writing is like prizefighting. Contemporary subscribers to the pugilistic analogy include Norman Mailer, a few markedly inferior knuckle-typers and the odd belligerent who would rather fight than think. If this macho conceit helps anyone get through the night or his work, fine. But the sport that most truly engages American writers was, and probably will always be baseball. This anthology of 27 pieces of baseball fiction, the first such collection in 30 years, demonstrates the affinity and raises a question: Why have so many authors felt the urge to make up stories about this game?

The simplest answer rests in history. Those under 30 may not realize it, but there was an age when interest in professional team sports meant baseball, period. Pro football, basketball and hockey were in varying stages of infancy or awkward adolescence. The date was still far in the future when ABC Sports would rush in a TV camera crew every time three

starters got up on skateboards. Baseball reigned coast-to-coast, with St. Louis as its Western outpost, but the entire country knew it as the only game in town.

This may explain why such crafty old twirlers as Ring Lardner, James Thurber, Damon Runyon and P.G. Wodehouse spun tales about the sport. Usually they played it for laughs. Lardner's *Alibi Ike* dealt with a peculiar rookie, using comic vernacular: "I've heard infielders complain of a sore arm after heaven's one into the stand, and I've saw outfielders taken sick with a dizzy spell when they've misjudged a fly ball. But this baby can't even go to bed without apologizin', and I bet he excuses himself to the razor when he gets ready to shave." Runyon's patented style, stilted formality mixed with slang, shone to good effect in *Baseball Hattie*: "There she is, as large as life, and



Norman Rockwell's umpire testing the sky
One delicate, discrete act after another.

in fact twenty pounds larger." In *The Pitcher and the Plutocrat*, Wodehouse turned the game into a society romp; a newly impoverished young man gets the girl and her father's millions by starring for the New York Giants.

Though newer sports gained popularity, baseball remained the preference of succeeding generations of writers, including Bernard Malamud, Irwin Shaw, Mark Harris and Philip Roth. The reason seems clear. Baseball is the most solitary of team endeavors. Nobody blocks for the batter or sets picks for the pitcher. A double-play combination may radiate exquisite timing and cooperation, but the process of getting two runners out is still linear, a matter of performing one delicate, discrete act after another. Small wonder that writers, sitting alone and laboriously putting words together, respond sympathetically to both put-outs and errors. In writing and base-

ball, the risk of embarrassment is high and the distance between competence and true distinction enormous. Most American children are taught English, and kids on the sand lot learn baseball's vocabulary of moves. The hard part is turning such knowledge into art.

Sometimes the game has inspired an author's best work. In Harris' *Bang the Drum Slowly*, the relentless, impersonal demands of a tight pennant race counterbalance the emotions stirred by a third-string catcher's lingering, fatal illness. Baseball contests can be totally re-created from statistics, a fact played with in Robert Coover's eerie *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc.* An obsessed loner builds an entire league, a cerebral world, through the use of imaginary statistics governed by the roll of dice.

The real-life legends that have collected around the game and its heroes would seem to leave little room for made-up stories, but this anthology proves otherwise. Baseball fact and fiction do not compete; there is plenty of room for both on the grassy, sun-drenched diamond that fans carry around in their heads. There, Babe Ruth can play on, perhaps coming to bat in the course of a long winter against the fireballing Gil Gresham, an imaginary Babylonian pitcher in Roth's *The Great American Novel*. In *Voices of a Summer Day*, Irwin Shaw captures the eternal present tense that baseball conveys: "The generations circled the bases, the dust rose for forty years as runners slid from third, dead boys hit doubles, famous men made errors at shortstop, forgotten friends tapped the clay from their spikes with their bats as they stepped into the batter's box..." If real exploits have become fables, the opposite has sometimes happened too. In *You Could Look It Up*, Thurber imagines a manager so desperate to break his team's losing streak that he sends a midgen named Pearl du Monville up to the plate to draw a base on balls. "You got to admit," the narrator says, "it was the strangest setup in a ball game since the players cut off their beards and begun wearin' gloves." Some ten years later Eddie Gaedel, who was 43 inches tall, went to bat for the St. Louis Browns.

Editor Jerome Holtzman, a baseball writer for the Chicago *Sun Times*, has found the familiar chestnuts, excerpted sensibly from books like Malamud's *The Natural* and William Brasler's *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, and turned up a surprise or two, including a tense softball game in Chaim Potok's *The Chosen*. The only glaring omission is Roger Angell's *Over My Head*, a funny double-reverse on George Plimpton, about a pitcher limbering up for his tryout as a writer. Though they can never get enough, baseball fans are grateful for what is given, and Holtzman is generous in the extreme. The book is here, a new season is approaching, the green thoughts in a green shade continue.

—Paul Gray

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THE THIRD WORLD WAR:
AUGUST 1985

by General Sir John Hackett
and other top-ranking NATO
generals and advisers
Macmillan; 368 pages; \$12.95

In war games, thinking the unthinkable can involve much reading of the unreadable. The authors of this futurist fantasy, for example, cram their narrative with jawbreaking acronyms: FOSMEF for "Flag Officer Soviet Middle East Forces," STANAVFORLANT for "Standing Naval Force Atlantic." The plot is slowed by harrumphs: "Professional military men in the parliamentary democracies of the West are generally honest people, loyal to those they serve..."

Much of this is understandable. Most of the writers are British officers, advocates of strong, well-equipped NATO forces or, in simpler terms, more money for the military. When they are not putting up recruiting posters, the generals provide a chilling argument. The assumption of *The Third World War* is that by 1985, the Soviet Union feels strong militarily but is increasingly unsure of its economic capacity and even less certain of its hold on the satellite nations. Its own Asian republics are drawn toward the new China-Japan co-prosperity sphere. Embarrassing riots in Poland convince Kremlin hard-liners that they must re-establish Soviet credibility by force. The decision is made to stir up fighting in black Africa, invade Yugoslavia and then sweep across West Germany to a stop-line at the Rhine. After this humiliation is imposed on the West, negotiations will be demanded of the new President of the U.S., a Republican who beats Walter Mondale in '84.

A number of speculations are posited. Both sides, the authors believe, would



General Sir John Hackett
Harrumphs under the fantasy.

refrain from using nuclear weapons, though chemical warfare would be fairly widespread. The modern conventional war would be over quickly because of the speed with which supplies would be consumed. (The danger of such war games is that even professional strategists can be overtaken by events. The book assumes, for example, that Iran, led by the Shah, would support NATO strongly.)

As this history develops, open revolt among the satellite nations and within the Soviet Union splits the country into republics, but not before an ICBM destroys Birmingham, England, and a counter-strike obliterates Minsk. The realignment after the war leaves Moscow's former domain Balkanized and at peace, but Africa remains tumultuous. Depending on what course China-Japan takes, say the generals, it seems likely that the conflict leading to World War IV may not be between East and West, but between affluent North and starving South. In the meantime, the chroniclers of *The Third World War* urge us to support our local military-industrial complex, and to watch out for the Soviets when they begin to slip, Roger and out.

— John Skow

High Notes

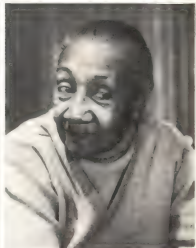
AMERICAN SINGERS
by Whitney Balliett
Oxford; 178 pages; \$10

A good jazz accompanist is hard to find. He has to play up the soloist, adding a flourish here or a rhythmic twist there, never straying from the background. Whitney Balliett is his critical counterpart. Jazz aficionados tend to go heavy on the adjectives; Balliett favors a deceptively simple style that illuminates the musician instead of the writer.

This latest collection of a dozen profiles, mostly from his *New Yorker* criticism, is Balliett's "act of homage to a highly gifted and unaccountably neglected group of Americans." They are America's nonclassical singers: figures like Mabel Mercer, Tony Bennett and Ray Charles, who straddle the worlds of theater tunes, blues and popular standards. They work within a rich tradition that came out of ragtime and came in with the fascinating rhythms of George Gershwin and Jerome Kern. The early singers were "intuitive and homemade." Balliett observes, but their descendants are sophisticated musicians who blend the soft contours of the Bing Crosby crooners with the hard blues of Billie Holiday.

It is a volatile mix. Blues Singer Joe Turner, a burly man with a boyish face, "sometimes... pushes his words together, lopping off the consonants and flattening the vowels so that whole lines go past as pure melody, as pure horn playing." Ray Charles can sing anything but opera. "The sound of his pinewood voice tearing along over violins and a choir is

Books




Blues Singer Alberta Hunter
Melancholy beneath the laughter

one of the wonders of music." Cabaret Singer Blossom Dearie, a honey-blond with a "boxed and beribboned" manner, offers a tiny sound that "without a microphone, would not reach the second floor of a doll house. But it is a perfect voice... occasionally embellished by a tissue-paper vibrato."

Offstage, Balliett lets the singers ramble through the big dates and broken marriages of their pasts, reviewing their childhood idols and latter-day saints. Anita Ellis recalls a memorable appearance with Billie Holiday: "I couldn't get over how she changed—from that naked, smoking, tough woman in the dressing room to the cool, motionless, vessel-of-life singer onstage." Joe Turner tells how as a teen-ager he wheedled his way into singing at a local Kansas City club. "The man who owned the joint... asked me how old I was, and I told him twenty, and he looked at me and said, 'Your mama know where you are?'" The irrepressible octogenarian Alberta Hunter, who got her start as a singer in Chicago "sporting houses," once got on the wrong side of Ethel Waters: "I guess I outsang her, because she put everything but the kitchen stove on me."

Beneath the melody of laughter and good times runs a melancholy undertone. Alberta Hunter, Joe Turner and the others are survivors. They came up in the heyday of Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong, only to watch rock conquer the record charts and TV topple nightclubs. Too honest to slick up their style, they began to be as obsolete as a 78-r.p.m. single. Here and there, Balliett touches on the poignancy of their lives, as when Blossom Dearie says wistfully, "I'd sort of like to become the rage for a while." As *American Singers* makes clear, she never will be. But there are all kinds of celebrity, and Balliett's glowing tribute may prove more enduring than gold records and cabaret applause.

— Annalyn Swan



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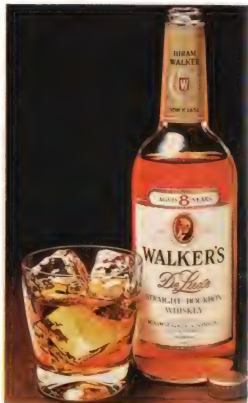
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Time Essay

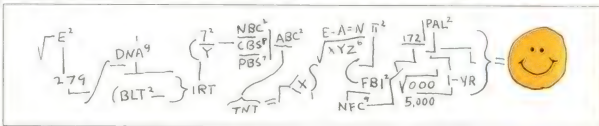
The Scientific Pursuit of Happiness

... may well = E in the known physical universe. Nothing quite that pat can be said about the cosmos of the human temperament. In the play of emotion, logic is seldom evident, and the laws of gravity and thermodynamics never. What goes up in the psycho sometimes does not come down: the boiling points of individuals and collectives alike are impossible to fix. In light of this, it is no wonder that science long shied away from studying, or attempting to explain, that most subtle and elusive of all human moods: happiness. Instead, it happily left the field to philosophers, preachers, poets—and the swarms of author-therapists who yearly vie for bestsellerdom with new formulas for attaining this desired estate.

Lately, however, science has begun to nose around in that shifty terrain it so long neglected. Tenuous scientific probes of the happiness phenomenon, as an aspect of mental health, were organized as long ago as the 1960s. Perhaps because happiness itself was all but out of style in the days of Viet Nam, urban riots and the burgeoning dope culture, the trend never took off. Only now is it becoming clear that our gladness is likely to be subjected to the same methodical research and analysis that has

been supposed to produce happiness circulate these days in numbers that are too great to count, let alone mention. These products of the booming feel-good industry invariably try to evoke happiness, but they seldom describe or analyze it. That, of course, is the fascination of the scientific challenge. The feel-good trade's blizzard of lighter-than-air tracts proves nothing whatever about happiness except that a lot of people are willing to pay for help in pursuing it.

The new happyologists are doing a bit better than that, though their young science is now approximately where navigation was before the invention of the compass. In some ways, as Humorist Russell Baker recently observed, the happyologists resemble sociologists in their dedication to proving what everybody has known all along. Baker groaned at the supposedly big discovery that an unhappy childhood does not necessarily lead to an unhappy adulthood. Who could fail to echo his groan when it is reported, as though it were news, that money, beyond some uncertain minimum, does not buy happiness? A horselaugh might even be the appropriate response when Psychoanalyst Gaylin declares: "It is ... good to 'feel good.'"



been lavished for generations on our madness. The signs that happyology is aborning as a discipline have come in sequences of earnest surveys, widespread drizzles of articles and now a spate of hardback tomes.

An archetype of the current genre is *Happy People*, by Columbia Psychology Professor Jonathan Freedman. It promises to reveal "what happiness is, who has it and why." Freedman analyzes the results of both popular surveys and casual interviews and also attempts, he says, "to present what we, as social scientists, know about happiness." Soon to be published is *Optimism: The Biology of Hope*, by Rutgers University Anthropologist Lionel Tiger; it explores the possible biological origins of the human sanguineness that underlies feelings of well-being, whatever they are called. New York Psychoanalyst Willard Gaylin has just weighed in with a study called *Feelings: Our Vital Signs*, which scrutinizes and tries to delineate all the familiar varieties of human feeling. Gaylin thus probes the character of a state that he calls not "happiness" but "feeling good."

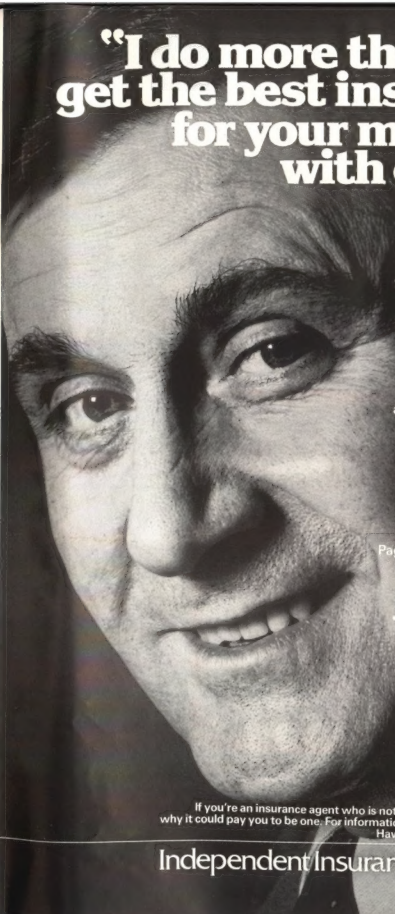
A proliferation of less ambitious studies and surveys, some of them amounting to market research, has occurred in the past few years. The University of Michigan Institute for Social Research conducted a nationwide study of income and education as determinants of happiness. The advertising firm Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn carried out a similar but broader survey to find out whether their clients' potential consumers "were happier ... than other segments of the population." Scientific studies of worker "contentment" have been going on for years, to be sure, but are not quite the same as the new wave of investigations into the larger character of well-being. It may be too soon to say where these new excursions will lead, but it is not too early to inquire.

First off, analytical scrutiny of happiness should not be confused with preaching about it. Books hustling formulas and drills

The one thing common to most of the research is the conspicuous wariness of the investigators. The utterly elusive ingredients of the mood they are examining force them to turn away from the phenomenon itself. They prefer to tabulate its incidence and parameters. So, even though they maintain their scientific detachment and method in analyzing data, to collect it they have had no convenient choice but to adopt the time-tested techniques of public opinion polling. Subjects are asked merely to declare their degree of happiness, not define it. Even Pollster Louis Harris turns up as an unlikely temporary happyologist, reporting for this month's *Playboy* that while 49% of American men rank sexual satisfaction as "very important" to happiness, 84% give that same crucial weight to family life.

Not all the early discoveries are that breathtaking, although many of them come in similar statistical form. Findings may vary from survey to survey, but seldom astonishingly. Some results that fail to amaze can still be heartening. Most studies so far confirm that happiness does not depend on any single factor. That is, neither geographical location nor financial status nor age is a determinant of happiness. The happy are slightly more likely to be married, but unhappiness is anything but epidemic among the single. Neither the young, the middle-aged nor the old have any special claim on happiness.

People who like their jobs (and up to 82% claim to) tend to be happier in general. An attitude of optimism (held by some 70%) often coincides with happiness, but quite a few of the 6% who are convinced pessimists are also happy. Good health is a big factor in happiness to some, yet poor health does not turn out to be incompatible with happiness. Not even "satisfaction" is indispensable to happiness. Says University of Michigan Psychologist Stephen Withey in *Subjective Elements of Well-Being*,



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Essay

a collection of papers presented in 1972: "Young people tend to report more happiness than satisfaction, while older people tend to say that they are more satisfied than they are happy."

The incongruous and even adverse situations that seem to support happiness may only confirm the insight ventured by turn-of-the-century Psychologist William James. "Life and its negation," wrote James, "are beaten up inextricably together. The two are equally essential facts of existence and all natural happiness thus seems infected with a contradiction." One broad contradiction that emerges from the happiness surveys is that, in spite of all the reports of the emptiness of modern life, relatively few people consider themselves very unhappy. On the contrary, an overwhelming majority of Americans (60% in one survey, 70% in another, 86% in a third) consider themselves reasonably happy. Only the heartless could be harsh toward the science that bears such tidings.

Still, happiness has defaulted so far on the really big question: Why are people happy or why not? And more fundamental, what is happiness? The young science is far from the practical goal of providing guidance on how to attain happiness. "Alas," says Freedman, "the overwhelming finding of all the research is that there is no easy solution, no foolproof strategy for finding it."

Lionel Tiger's forthcoming book offers some slightly more definite advice—or at least postulation. Although he is not studying happiness as such, the anthropologist argues that humankind does not have to go looking far for its basic source of well-being: it is built right into the human body. Says he: "Our benign sense of the future could have been bred into us and other complex animals out of the need to survive." Tiger speculates that man pushes ever onward, inextinguishably optimistic in the face of adversity, because of his biochemistry. The key to mankind's optimism, he argues, lies in those lately discovered substances



called endorphins. These are the morphine-like chemical agents that the body itself produces, sending them into special sites of the brain and spinal cord to reduce pain. In this, says Tiger, "we may be on the way to finding a specific source for notions of personal well-being. Endorphins may not serve principally to reduce pain. Their major function may be to anesthetize the organism against responding too directly and forcefully to negative cognitive stimuli in the environment. They permit the animal to obscure the understanding that its situation is dire."

If that is so, people who anesthetize themselves with booze or pot may be trying to achieve unnaturally what endorphins do naturally. Still, since individual body chemistries vary, the endorphin theory might account for the fact that some people are habitually happier than others: some might

just have a bigger supply of this natural analgesic. It may even suggest, moreover, one concrete way in which human beings might assure their sense of happiness; yet this way—the ingestion of synthetic endorphins—is unnervingly like the drug-popping route to happiness envisioned in *Brave New World*. In all this, alas, nothing much is added to the question that has always nagged the brave old world: Just what is happiness?

Given time, the happinessologists could conceivably come up with a useful, or at least a discerning, answer. Perhaps the question is so fundamental that, like love and wisdom, it will always elude human definition. For the moment, surely, it can be answered decisively, for better or worse, only by each individual. In short, the considerable resources, even good intentions, of science have so far disclosed little about happiness that was not available in the words of Seneca ("Unblest is he who thinks himself unblest") in ancient times or those of Abe Lincoln ("Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be") in a more recent epoch. Happiness, in short, awaits its Newton, its Galileo.

—Frank Trippett

Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. Willy Brandt, 65, former Chancellor of West Germany (1969-74) and 1971 Nobel Peace Prize recipient; and Rut Hansen Brandt, 58; after 31 years of marriage, three sons; in Bonn.

DIED. John H. Knowles, 52, president of the Rockefeller Foundation and outspoken critic of the American medical profession and U.S. health care policies; of cancer of the pancreas; in Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, where he once served as general director for ten years. Knowles interned and later specialized in respiratory diseases at Mass. General, and in 1962, at age 35, he was named head of the 1,084-bed teaching hospital, the youngest in its 158-year history. An innovative administrator, he earned admirers and enemies throughout his tenure by decrying high doctors' fees and advocating preventive medicine and comprehensive health insurance for all Americans. Such iconoclasm cost Knowles the nation's top medical post in 1969, when his expected nomination as an assistant secretary of HEW was scuttled by conservative Republicans and the A.M.A. Undeterred, he went on to be-

come president of the \$800 million Rockefeller Foundation in 1972, focusing domestically on problems of unemployment and population stabilization and, concerned with the interdependence of the developing and developed nations, sending more than half of the foundation's grant budget abroad.

DIED. Jamil M. Baroody, 73, longtime Saudi Arabian Ambassador to the U.N. and dean of that body's delegates; of cancer; in Manhattan. A Lebanese Christian by birth, Baroody joined the Saudi delegation to the U.N. at its first meeting in San Francisco in 1945. A loquacious speaker who enjoyed the complete confidence of King Faisal, he could turn bombastic, even pushy (literally), when defending his positions on Zionism and other matters, moving one of his colleagues, Ambassador George Bush, to describe the crusty diplomat as "an unguided missile."

DIED. Jean Villot, 73, French Roman Catholic Cardinal and for the past ten years the Vatican's secretary of state, traditionally the second most powerful prelate in the church; of bronchial pneumonia; in

Vatican City. A discreet, progressive administrator, Villot often appeared overshadowed by other papal aides, yet he was appointed Camerlengo (Chamberlain) by Paul VI, charged with organizing the Pontiff's funeral and the election of his successor. Mentioned as a *papabile* himself, Villot was reappointed secretary of state by both John Paul I and John Paul II.

DIED. Guiomar Novaes, eightyish, eminent Brazilian pianist; of a heart attack; in São Paulo. Born the 17th of 19 children, Novaes began playing the piano at age four, and ten years later left her native country to study in Paris on a Brazilian government grant. Upon her American debut in 1915, she was hailed as "the Paderewska of the Pampas," and for the next five decades sustained that accolade through her recordings and international concerts. An intuitive musician and a supreme keyboard colorist, the tiny (5 ft.) virtuoso was renowned for her warm, effortless performances of the 19th-century Romantic composers, and once won the praise of Debussy, who remarked on her "rare power of complete inner concentration."



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